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ALASKA

THE LAND OF NOW
BY D.A. NOONAN



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**"FOR THE PURCHASE OF BOOKS RELATING TO THE
NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN AND IT'S SHORES"**



TAKU GLACIER

ALASKA
The Land of Now

By
D. A. NOONAN

SEATTLE, WASH.
1921

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SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

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To The Mariners
of the North Pacific and Alaskan Waters,
"Those bays where rocks and reefs abound,"
and to
The River Steamboat Men
of the Great Yukon,
"With it's sand-bars and it's flats,"
these rhymes are affectionately dedicated.

As one of their number I have sailed these seas at all seasons of the year and have put my time in on the Great River. At all times was I impressed with their zeal, their watchfulness and their solicitude for the care and safety of the passengers whose business or journeyings took them into these dangerous waters. Knowing, then, their anxiety, and how at times they become depressed by the weight of their responsibility, I will deem the moments of compiling these verses well spent if they bring one smile, or lighten by one ounce the load of care and worry of these hardy men during the tense moments of the dog-watches of their long night vigils, in fog and snow, in rain and foul weather.

Some day a beneficent and appreciative government may see fit to reward their services by establishing the oft requested increase to the aids to navigation which these waters so much need, and which would make the lives of these brave men less a hardship and a hazzard.

PREFACE

The DOUGLAS NEWS has described "Alaska poetry" by the pithy word "rotten." This is a pretty strong word, but the News has probably had reasons to feel strongly. Most Alaska newspapers have had the same reason. If only the seriously minded rhymsters of the Territory could be made to remember that there is hardly one poet to every million people, they could hardly hope to find one in a population of scarcely forty thousand, except by a miracle. But, then, this should not stop verse making of the lighter and less serious kind.—ALASKA REVIEW.

ALASKA

*Alaska, 'tis of thee,
Land of Sublimity,
Of thee I sing!
I love thy valleys wide,
Thy hills where fortunes hide,
I happily abide
Beneath thy wing.*

*O, Boundless Country, thee,
Land of Immensity,
Titanic realm!
Kingdoms have passed away,
Tyrants have held brief sway,
Through every worldly fray,
God guides thy helm.*

*O, Unknown Country, thee,
Land of Great Destiny,
Thy day shall dawn!
Let scribblers muck and rake,
Let poltroons all forsake,
Thy sturdy sons shall make
Thy empire known.*

*O, Land of Beauty Rare,
There is no land more fair
Under the sun!
Some here would never trade
Thatched hut in piney glade
For finest mansion made—
And I am one!*

ALASKA, THE LAND OF NOW

There's a land that's prime and ready
For men of brain and brawn;
There's a land that's lying dormant in the North.
It's a land of Peace and Plenty,
And it's waiting for the dawn
When men may see the treasures it holds forth!
It's a land that holds you, gripping,
With its mystery and its spell—
You curse it and you bless it in a breath!
But you love it, yes you love it,
When once you understand its laws;
For it's an off-shoot of the great Big Russian
Bear,
And you must ever, always watch it—
IT HAS CLAWS!

It's a Land of Opportunity,
It's the beaming Land of Now!
Where the sun is ever smiling on the strong!
Its valleys rich and fertile
Lying fallow to the plow;
The riches of its mountains only waiting for the
throng!

ALASKA, THE LAND OF NOW

Day by day it's getting peopled
With a virile, sturdy race;
I have visions of cities yet unborn!
Oh! it's wondrous and it's beautiful,
It beckons and it draws!
It's an off-shoot of the Great Big Russian Bear;
And you must ever, always watch it—
IT HAS CLAWS!

Two mighty oceans lave it;
Dizzy mountain ranges stave it,
Pearly peaks that climb to Heaven's rim!
It's as big as all creation;
God surely meant it for a nation,
This Land that's filled with treasures to the brim!
Its exhaustless mines and forests,
Its tons and tons of gold;
You could never count their measure were it told!
But it is not a land for weaklings,
With their effeminated flaws;
It's an off-shoot of the Great Big Russian Bear,
And you must ever, always watch it—
IT HAS CLAWS!

It's a wonderland of splendor,
With Uncle Sam as the defender;
Where every man's a freeman and a king!
Though the winter's bleak and bitter
And the blizzards have a sting,
Yet there's lots of comfort by your little Yukon
stove,

ALASKA, THE LAND OF NOW

If you've laid away your nuggets
When the weather's mild above!
You're cabin's then a castle, you're old arm chair
a throne;
Alaska then has "got you"
And claimed you for its own!
All the hardships conquered, the freeze-ups and
the thaws;
But in November,
Oh, then remember
It's an off-shoot of the Great Big Russian Bear;
And you must ever, always watch it—
IT HAS CLAWS!

THE CALL OF THE NORTHLAND

As birds that are imprisoned in gilded, ribboned
cages,
Fed and pampered by attendants, knowing
neither want nor care,
Yet feel the call of freedom that in every creature
rages,
And long to test their wings again, untram-
meled, in the air ;

So I in California, famed Land of Fruits and
Flowers,
Where Nature spread abundance with a reck-
less, lavish hand,
Yet find existence listless and over-long the
hours.
While I hunger for Alaska and the Wilds of
the Northland.

The rivers frozen over, making trails that need
no blazing,
The jagged peaks that scrape the sky, defying
all the winds that blow,
The air so crisp and sparkling, the snow-light
that is dazing,
The sledge all packed and ready, the dogs alert
to go!

THE CALL OF THE NORTHLAND

And over all the Northern Lights in golden festoons stealing,
And a Call is whispered, whispered from the Northwind's silver wings,
Till deep within my being I can hear an echo pealing
For the glories of Alaska, and they pull on my heart-strings.

Oh! not for me the Summerland, one's strength and senses robbing,
Where men may drowse in indolence with drugged, unworried minds,
Full brother to the Norsemen, I feel my pulses throbbing,
With the red blood at fever heat for a bout with Arctic winds.

Blow, O Winds! and smash, O Sea, on a shore that's bleak and endless,
Years will pass and centuries roll before its worth is known,
But I'd rather far be trailing o'er its snow-drifts, lone and friendless,
Than be coddled in the Southland where my soul is not my own.

Alaska! Oh! it's wonderful, the leagues and leagues so mute,
The Midnight Sun ashining on hills and dales unknown,

THE CALL OF THE NORTHLAND

Winter the only Tyrant, and impartial is his
tribute

On man and beast and living thing that swear
allegiance to his throne.

"Mush!"—and the dogs race headlong, in the
teeth of the blizzard spinning,

The pace, the strain of battling with the ele-
ments to the goal!

Oh! days well worth the living! The struggle
worth the winning!

The Hand that rules the Northland has the
ruling of my soul!

THE YUKON RIVER

Oh the years I spent adrift along the Yukon
River,
That slips along capriciously to lonesome Arctic seas,
The dreams of youth adreaming of El Dorado
waiting,
And the Yukon the broad highway of my
golden argosies!

At each twist of river turning I'd start a fire
burning
Where I slept beneath the magic of the Northern sky,
And each camp-fire's smoke ascending marked a
day-dream's ending,
While the River seemed to chuckle at my sigh.

Oh the dreams that came and vanished, like haze
upon the River,
Like the Lights that filled the heavens with the
Glories of God's Throne,
Northern Lights, which like the River, just as
ruthless, just as fickle,
With a flash would miles of sky alight and then
as quickly gone!

THE YUKON RIVER

And that River, restless ever, I knew each swirl
and eddy,
Those endless days of summer when I'd drift
along its breast.
Though now my feet are fettered, my wings of
venture clipped,
Old Age finds me sheltered by those years of
patient quest.

I am ever dreaming, dreaming, I would yet be
on the River;
Must I spend my days in cities when the Yukon
ripples call?
When the River may take others where the
Glories shine and quiver,
Must I be strangled in the crowd or be a city
thrall?

I am dreaming, I am dreaming. Again I'm on
the River.
Questing new bonanzas, and my blood is all
ablaze
With a fever that's unquenchable except by find-
ing treasure;
I'm afraid that I'll be questing it and dreaming
all my days!

*Columbus, Ohio, May 11.—The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes near Kodiak, Alaska, will see no more of its discoverer, Robert F. Griggs, Professor of Botany, Ohio State University. Prof. Griggs, who describes the Valley as "hell, seething hell, with the lid off," says five trips to this desolate country atop the earth are enough and that he is "fed up on it." During the coming summer Prof. Griggs expects to complete his book describing this valley of mystery and the eruption of Mt. Katmai nearby. —News Item.

*THE HELL OF THE YUKON

'Twas ages ago, in the morning of Time,
That God made Alaska and forgot the sunshine,
Then to make amends for this oversight,
After six months of darkness He made six months
of light.

But during the darkness the place got so chilled
That the fruit trees and song-birds were all frozen
and killed,

And the mammoth and mastodon and harmless
monk

Were replaced by the malamute, lynx-cat and
skunk.

About this time, as we are told in the Bible,
Lucifer was expelled from Heaven for libel.
He envied the Lord and wanted to rule
Over all Creation, with Earth as a footstool.
But he failed in his plan on the Lord's throne to
sit

***THE HELL OF THE YUKON**

And was cast into exile in a Bottomless Pit;
A place called Hell, filled with fearful horrors,
Anguish and woe, wailings and sorrows,
Where he and his imps in brimstone could revel.
Thus a rebellious Archangel became the Devil!

Here in Hell the Devil held sway
Over millions of imps, and prepared for the fray.
The Incarnate of Evil, it was now his part
To drive out the Good and put Bad in man's
heart.

But though he was supreme in the Councils of
Hell,

The place was a prison, and the Devil knew well
That it was made, and owned by the Lord,
As a place of punishment for the sinful horde
Who yeilded to the temptings and evil guile
Which the Devil practiced in every style;
For men are such foolish and gullible things,
Workmen, idlers, plebes or kings.

So for ages and ages the Devil remained
In the depths of Hell, and never complained.
But all the while he plotted and schemed
To get a Hell of his own for the unredeemed,
Where he could make better use of the coal
That was required to burn a sin-scarred soul;
For he thought it a shame and a needless waste
To burn up a soul without freezing it first!
Besides, in his New Hell, it was his intention
To torment the poor sinner by his own new in-
vention,

***THE HELL OF THE YUKON**

For which, besides raw brimstone and oil,
He needed some minerals, hootch and soil.

So he asked the Lord if He had any land
In a cooler clime, that a poor Devil could stand.
The Lord said "Yes, but it's not of much use,
It's a place called Alaska and it's as cold as the
deuce.

In fact, old boy, the country is so bare
That I don't think you can make a good Hell up
there!"

But the Devil said: "I don't know why,
I sure know my job and I'd like to try.
Just send me up there and put me to work
And I'll soon make this Hell look like a joke!"
So a bargain was made and the Lord rang a bell
For St. Michael to release the devil from Hell.

We next meet the Devil far up in the North,
Exploring Alaska to judge of its worth.
From the top of McKinley he viewed the vast
waste,

And said, "I'll be damned if Hell ain't disgraced!"
For it was bleak and barren clean up to the Arctic,
And the Devil gloated at the Hell to be started.
Oh! it was fine to be out in the cold,
And though the wind blew a gale, the devil grew
bold,

And there on the top of the mountain he planned
To make of Alaska the Home of the Damned!
A place somewhat different from the old-
fashioned Hell,

***THE HELL OF THE YUKON**

Where each soul burned in a brimstone cell.
And as he knew all the arts that a wise Devil
needed
To make a good Hell, you bet he succeeded!

He plowed the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes,
Where Hell's steam sizzles and sears and chokes.
He filled the air with millions of gnats,
Spread the Yukon River over the Flats,
Set a line of volcanoes near Unimak Pass,
Bred mosquitoes in tundra grass,
Kept the six months night when it's sixty below,
A driving wind and a blinding snow,
The six months day, with a spell now and then,
Too hot for the Devil, though fresh from his pen!
He loosed the wolves to ravage the land,
A worthless set and a ruthless band,
That crossed with the dogs makes a savage pack
With a goughlish howl that sends chills up your
back.
But of all the pests that the Imp could devise,
The Yukon mosquito is the Devil's prize;
It has the rattle-snake's bite and the scorpion's
sting
And preys on every living, breathing thing.
The Devil said, when he fashioned these,
"Each one will bite worse than a million fleas!"

And then over mountain and valley and plain,
Where the night dew falls and there's plenty of
rain,

***THE HELL OF THE YUKON**

He scattered wild flowers, just for a bluff—
Old Nick surely knew how to mingle his stuff!
Then to show how well he knew his game,
Satan next salted his New Hell Claim!
He put gold nuggets in all the streams,
To lure men on in foolish dreams.
He hid gold deep under glacial ice,
Threw some at grass roots, like bait for mice.
Then he bid Dame Rumor to spread the news
To all the world and its motley crews,
That here was gold in piles and piles,
In all the colors and all the styles.
Then he grinned a grim, sardonic grin,
And said: "Now watch the fools rush in.
They'll fight for gold and steal and slay,
But in the end it's me they'll pay!"

The fools rushed in; a break-neck mass
That filled every trail and mountain pass.
They did not wait to choose a boat,
But rode any old hulk that would keep afloat.
They rushed to Dawson in 'Ninety-Eight,
When the devil made Skagway his main hell-gate,
And taught "Soapy" Smith and his outlaw gang
How to shoot and plunder and loot and hang!
They followed to Nome in 'Ninety-Nine,
And later to Fairbanks, (what a golden line!)
Iditerod, Ruby, and still they come,
Ranchers, lawyers, thieves, the scum!
They ravished the creeks and raped the hills,
And with the gold they looted went the pace
that kills,

***THE HELL OF THE YUKON**

In all the dance-halls, bars and dives,
That were as thick in the towns as bees in their
hives.

They claim-jumped and killed and knew no law;
Such a Hell cut loose the world never saw!
And the Devil watched with grim satisfaction
The spite and spleen of each clique and faction.

Oh! a fine land this that the Devil owns,
Its claims are staked with good men's bones;
Its graves are filled with deserted squaws
That in vain beseeched the white man's laws;
Its rivers all run to Arctic seas,
Vast, desolate wastes and mysteries;
Its trails all lead to Kingdom Come,
Each outpost reeking with poisoned rum.
As you travel over the barren expanse,
The North Wind blows the Devil's vengeance.
The Northern Lights are hell-fire's glare;
That mock and deride your coming there!
And men are crazed by the impish tunes
In the frosted air, where the Devil croons!

They say the Northland casts a spell—
It surely does, but it's the spell of Hell!
There are some kinds of sinning that have a grasp
That hold men fast in a vice-like clasp.
Some there are here, and good men, too,
Whose deeds are honest and hearts are true,
But they are here at the Lord's behest,
To save what they can of all the rest,

***THE HELL OF THE YUKON**

That come at the Call of the Wild and Gold,
That lures alike the young and old.
But the Devil is wise and will craftily wait,
His snares he'll set and his traps he'll bait—
And sooner or later all those who stay
In this land of his will have to pay!

The wild winds moan o'er this cursed land
That the Devil has tarred with his seal and brand!
The Northern Lights shine clear and bright
To show his fiends each soul's sad plight!
Oh! the Devil was wise and selected well,
It's a hell of a place he has for his Hell!

So now you know, if anyone ask you
What kind of a land is Our Alaska!

ALASKA, THE DEVIL'S OWN LAND

A reply to Robert Service's "Spell of the Yukon."

"There's gold in the great land up yonder?"
There is, and there it can stay;
If you are trying to get me to wander
To Alaska again, I say "Nay!"
There is more in this world than lucre,
And happiness cannot be bought;
It is found where the flowers and fruits are,
Where song-birds and honey-bees sport.

I lived in a far Eastern city,
Where life ran along like a song,
But I wearied of the same dull ditty
And yearned for the strenuous and strong.
I longed to get out in the open,
So took Greeley's advice and came West,
And, at news of the gold strike near Dawson,
I went North to get rich like the rest.

I tried to look on with favor,
And sense the worth of this Land,
But there's little I found that would save her
From being called "The Home of the Damned!"

ALASKA, THE DEVIL'S OWN LAND

I found only sorrow and trouble,
I knew only hardship and pain,
I heard only the curses and grumble
Of men crazed with gold-lust and gain!

I drifted along the great Yukon
In a pine-wood cheechako boat,
Subsisting on damn meagre rations
While coaxing the cheese-box to float.
I forced my way through the Rapids,
Felt the fear of the ice-jam and pack,
That comes with the thundering racket
Of the ice smashing down in your track!

And wet and chilled to the marrow,
I camped on the bank for the night,
With hardly the strength of a sparrow,
Not a mouthful of grub in sight,
I stood in some dizzy high places,
Where no man had e're stood before,
And as I gazed on the stark naked spaces,
I wondered what God made them for!

The seasons are but two in number;
And the devil's own seasons they are,
From the long endless days of summer,
To the dull winter nights black as tar.
The rivers run untamed and ruthless,
The valleys vast graveyards of despair,
The mountains so barren and useless,
The coast where no harbor lights flare!

ALASKA, THE DEVIL'S OWN LAND

The summer! it rains like a sinner,
The streams flood every valley and pass;
The mosquitoes ahunt for their dinner,
The tundra a sinking morass!
Of course there are spells that are cheerful,
It seems that one could live with content—
But Lord, the long days are fearful,
As you get hungry and restless and spent!

The winter! it is most terrifying,
Though some boast the climate as mild;
But I think such people are lying,
Or crazed by the raw, frozen wild.
The cold air like acid, you can't breathe it,
The snow-shroud like death does appall,
The strong, mad desire to leave it—
God! I grew sick of it all!

"There's gold—" Oh, yes, I have been there,
But I don't want to go there again.
Though there's many a fortune to win there,
Life is too short for the strain!
It's a barren desert of sorrows,
It's a land where no white man should dwell,
It's a land that chills with its horrors,
The Devil's Own Land—it is Hell!

YUKON DAYS

Come, my partner, oh my partner, to the little
river brink!
To the little river brink beyond the hill!
And we'll talk of days together, of summer heat
and wintry weather;
Oh, the memory of those days is with me still!

Come, my partner, oh my partner, for a hike
across the tundra!
Across the tundra buried under drifts of snow!
And we'll live again those far-away days, before
we ere "struck-pay" days, ,
Of whose hardships only you and I will ever
know!

Come, my partner, oh my partner, let us pack-in
o'er the trail!
O'er the trail we mushed and blazed in 'Ninety-
eight!
Oh, I know each crag and boulder, and though the
rheum is in my shoulder,
I still can do my portion and shoot straight!

Oh, those days were long and poignant, but each
hour it's joyful moment,

YUKON DAYS

And our hope was ever balm to sooth our pain!
Oh, the clean breath of the forests, the stillness
so profound!

Oh, partner, those days will never come to us
again!

Oh, the fever caught us, brought us to a land of
golden dreams!

Let us pan once more its golden sands!
It was not the gold we wanted, though we fought
the Wild and found it;
And squandered it when it was in our hands!

Oh, my partner, I am calling; my years are
ripened, falling;

I am ready now to stake another claim!
And I want to meet you, partner, when I trail
across the Border,
In answer when the Great Recorder calls my
name!

THE HAPPIEST HOUR

In the Far Bourne from which no travellers re-
turn,

There is a section set apart for the venturesome,
who turn

And wander off the straight and narrow trail.
High o'er its portals the legend doth appear :

"All Hope Abandon All Ye That Enter Here."

So at every gateway to Alaska I would nail
A warning sign, that all who hither venture might
be told :

"All That Glitters In Alaska Is Not Gold."

A pilgrimage begun in zest and highest hopes,
Encounters trials and tribulation, doubts and
fears,

And oftentimes ends in mad despair and bitter tears ;
So soon doth disillusion come amid these barren
slopes !

They who linger longest here know most of woe,
For the fortunate, who strike it rich, are quick
to go.

And even for those for whom Alaska's bounty
doth provide,

The happiest hour is when at last they go
Outside !

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

(Before winging North)

To the cafes and the vaudeville shows,
The clinking glass and the song;
To the billiard hall and the fancy ball,
And the crowd that surges along,
We say "Good-Bye!"
With naught of sorrow or sadness,
But hearts that are gay and free,
For we're going to Alaska
To work in mine and fishery!

So to Market Street and Fillmore,
To Powell and Eddy, too;
To Union Square and Kearney,
And the Mission, even to you,
We say "Au Revoir!"
We hate the hustle and hurry,
The glare of your luring lights,
And we're yearning for the Northland,
And those peaceful Yukon nights!

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

(After the season on the Yukon.
Before flying South)

To the salmon we've left uneaten,
And the hash we've pushed aside;
To the malamutes so noisy,
And the squaws we can't abide,
We say "Adios Amigos!"
Without a trace of anger,
Or shadow of regret,
We fain would not remember,
But we're afraid we can't forget!

To the Yukon and it's valleys,
It's sand-bars and it's flats;
It's wood-yards and it's fish-camps,
It's mosquitoes and it's gnats,
We say "Pee-O-Quah!"
We feel no pain at parting,
As does the sour-dough,
The Southland now is calling,
Oh! You San Francisco!

THE TEST OF THE TRUE PROSPECTOR

The test of the man who would prospect the hills
Is how far will he go for the gold,
Will he famish and thirst and suffer fierce ills,
and moil in the merciless cold?
There are many to stampede when a Bonanza is
found

And deeds to rich claims to be filed
But it calls for a heart that is steadfast and sound
To battle alone with the Wild.

It doesn't quite follow when you strike it rich
That you possess courage and pluck,
A coward may chance to fall in a ditch
And strike pay with a stroke of good luck.
But the test of the heart that is daring and stout
The test of endurance and grit,
Is how do you act when your claim peters out
And disappointment tempts you to quit!

It's the way that you stay when fate deals a hand
That ends a new dream, a fresh hope,
That proves if you're made of iron and sand
And with how much sorrow you'll cope.
For the paystreak is nothing when measured as
pelf,
To one who bears the griefs of the quest.
It's the joy at the finding of both the gold—and
one's self!
To have battled, to have won—that's the test!

"BEAR HUNTER" PETE

**"If you were swinging up the trail
And a bear came tripping down,
Unknowingly, some summer day,
A grizzly, black, or brown,
With nothing left you but to meet,
What greeting would you give him, Pete,
Shoot, or make a quick retreat!"**

**Said Pete, "If I were swinging up the trail
And a bear came tripping down—
Why, pouf! like that, I'd shoot the beast,
Be it grizzly, black, or brown!
I'd like to see the burly bear
That would ever make me turn a hair,
Yet alone give me a scare!"**

**Pete swings slowly up the trail,
A B-E-A-R comes tripping down,
"Give him a welcome, Pete, old boy,
Send a shot right through his crown!"
But Pete has dropped his trusty gun.
Lord! how he can jump and run!
Never did Bruin have such fun!**

A PROSPECTOR'S LAMENT

The lone prospector's face is sad,
And as the trail he mushes o'er,
He says, "My Lord! the country's dead;
It never was so dead before.
I always said it would fall flat
When once the Guggies gained control;
And now, by the Great Jehosephat,
They own the country's very soul."

And as he piped this little say,
He stooped to the creek to get a drink,
And right before his eyes there lay
A four-ounce nugget at the brink.
"Good Lord! he cried, I've struck it rich!
I knew I'd strike it so sometime!"
And straightway did he stake the ditch—
To sell to Simon Guggenheim!

ALASKA HOOTCH

(All names in capital letters are names of Alaska towns, rivers, districts, etc.)

HOMER sang of the Trojan war,
And of Helen, whom the Greeks fought for.
But I sing of HOOTCH, in a land and clime
As distant in MILES as Homer in Time.
"Arms and the man" was Virgil's song,
And his heroes were god-like, sturdy and strong;
Men who could tipple both day and night,
Without impairing their powers to fight:
Like TANTALUS, who was condemned to be
sunk

Up to his neck in liquid that couldn't be drunk.
All through history we find it the same,
Each Age and People according acclaim
To some kind of liquor extracted from grain,
Or the fruits and berries of mountain and plain.
Wine or whiskey, any name that you choose,
Roughly speaking, it's commonly called "booze."
But up in Alaska "HOOTCH" is the name
Applied to all liquor containing red flame.

Now in olden days, when SOLOMON held sway,
Hootch was made in the natural way.
They heeded his COUNCIL and distilled the stuff

ALASKA HOOTCH

From the proper ingredients, without any
BLUFF.

Graft was unknown and the Hootch was kept
pure,

And though the drinkers were many, the mixtures
were fewer.

But in modern days they make hootch with dope
That drives a man crazy and murders all HOPE.

They call upon Science to thwart Nature's art,

Whose process is slow, taking years to impart

That mellow bouquet that is found in good wine,

That kindles the feelings like golden sunshine.

This modern hootch, that is made in a day,

Is what we find in Alaska—and there's hell to
pay!

ALASKA HOOTCH! Oh! the ugly sight of it!

The rankor, the hate, the blight of it!

Filling the heart with a vicious desire,

Setting the blood and brain on fire!

What so burns as the heat of it?

The wicked, lustful cheat of it!

And what so cruel as the stern demand

On soul and brain and heart and hand?

We drink it at night till the CANDLE burns low,

And at SUNRISE our heads are with fever
aglow!

A FIVE-FINGER drink of this Alaska Hootch

Will make a man dance the hootchey-cootch;

A second one will make him see

ALASKA HOOTCH

A WHITE HORSE climb a cedar tree;
At the third he'll see a polar bear
CIRCLE with an EAGLE in the air;
If ST. MICHAEL himself were a drinking man,
He'd run FORTY-MILE to KETCHIKAN,
After a drink of this villianous hootch
That crazes alike squaw-man and klootch.
Arriving there in the KNIK of time,
He'd treat the boys of TREADWELL MINE;
Another drink and his pants he'd toss
High upon the HOLY CROSS;
For a RUBY he'd sell the RUSSIAN MISSION,
Then pawn the gem and go a fishing;
And on the FAIRBANKS of the TANANA
He'd start a fish-camp with a squaw.
Soon saint and squaw beneath the BIRCHES
Would give up all thought of the churches,
Though from the highest RAMPART near KOK-
RINES
They could hear the tones of BETHEL chimes,
As they floated over from the KUSKOQUIM,
Where the hootch is vile and the squaws are slim.
And when ST. MICHAEL had made the rounds
Of all the YUKON camps and towns.
It would take all the soldiers at FORT GIBBON
To carry the good saint back to heaven;
For he would have a hilarious jag
Before ever he'd put a COLDFOOT in KAL-
TAG.

ALASKA HOOTCH

ALASKA HOOTCH! Oh, the wasteful side of it!

The staggering, sweeping tide of it!

Dragging men down in its furious flood,

Rotting the arteries, tainting the blood!

Eating the vitals out of our men,

Wrecking their lives again and again!

Pulling the prospector back from his goal,

Wasting his strength, damning his soul!

Increasing the weight of the heavy pack,

Holding the sledge and the willing dogs back!

What so bad as the drain of it?

What so sad as the stain of it?

And what so drags us to the brink

Of mad despair, as a drink, a drink, another drink?

In song and story is CORDOVA a name

To conjure up visions of castles in Spain,

And of Amontillado, a vintage supreme

Since the days of NIZINA, the Moorish queen.

But of Cordova, Alaska, the only renown

Is that it's a hide-bound Guggenheim town.

The hootch they sell there is musty and vile,

No matter what mixture, brand or style.

It tastes like varnish and sticks like schellac,

And has the aroma of a siwash shack.

Out in VALDEZ, where the winters are hard,

And they have a glacier in every back-yard,

The hootch flows freely as a mountain stream

And produces a sleep wherein you dream

Of snakes, and worms and slimy things,

And goblins and devils with icy wings.

ALASKA HOOTCH

There is no bar at dreary LA TOUCHE,
But that doesn't imply any lack of hootch;
They there take the tailings of the BEATSON
MINE

And mix them with snow-water slaked in lime.
The result is a blend that is weak and mild
For a place so bleak and waste and wild!
But the vilest hootch that the imps compound,
At DOUGLAS, JUNEAU and THANE is found.
They sell it there in gallon jugs
That turns good miners into thugs,
Who WRANGEL over some word or deed
To which sober men would pay faint heed.
For in this Land that is known as SEWARD'S
FOLLY,

Hootch is the curse of each hill and valley.
It follows and follows on every stampede,
The first on the ground and the last to leave.

HOOTCH! the demon that lurks on the trail,
Causing the musher to falter and fail!

How tempting a drink to warm up the blood!

"Aha!" says the demon, "how good, how
good!"

Another, another; faster, faster;
Then the sharp, sudden, tragic disaster!

"Lost in a blizzard," "Found frozen stiff,"

"Fell through a crevasse," "Swamped in a
skiff,"

Thus the report that follows each inquest,
When in truth it was HOOTCH that had made a
conquest!

ALASKA HOOTCH

ALASKA HOOTCH! Oh! the curse of it!

What in this Land is worse than it?

What so cursed as the greed for gold

Can be found in the camp where Hootch is sold?

Hootch, the Demon! Hootch, the Fiend!

That mocks and derides the wrecks it has
gleaned!

Now old sourdoughs like McQUESTON and
HAINES,

Can tell how it scourges and kills and maims,

The men who are foolish enough to fight

Alaska Hootch 'neath the Northern Light.

So leave it alone, O Cheechako bold,

Who ventures into this Land of Gold;

Or you'll leave your bones beneath the sod

Of ANVIK or OPHIR or IDITAROD,

Or some desolate spot between DAWSON or
NOME,

Thousands of miles from your former home!

Or worse fate still, you'll go Outside, under guard,

To spend your last days in a madhouse yard!

ALASKA HOOTCH! Oh, the shame of it!

The lawless, debasing game of it!

Boot-legging, pandering, murder and crime,

Every foul deed can be traced to its grime!

When, may I ask, are we going to be done with
it?

When, may I ask, are we going to have none of
it?

ALASKA HOOTCH

Not till then will we have an ANCHORAGE,
Safe from the blighting heritage
 Of Alaska Hootch and the kindred scum
 Of whiskey, brandy, gin and rum!
Not till then will we know our Land's worth,
Not till then will we be proud of the North!

THE WAR-DOG'S RETURN

"We're back in the glaring Arctic,
Where white-winged blizzards blow—
From the poppy fields of Flanders
To the Land of Ice and Snow.
How I hated the heat of war-torn France!
How I yearned for my kennel in Nome!
Men call this the Outcast, Leper Land—
But us dogs, we call it home!

"When war broke out in Europe
They drafted us malamutes—
Men call us wild-eyed wolf-hounds,
But they're the savage brutes!
'War-dogs,' they said, and snickered,
And packed us off on a boat,
Then we sailed away to the Southland—
Good Lord! that got my goat!

"Us dogs that were reared in the Arctic,
With the Call of the North in our veins,
Shipped away to a sunny clime
To take part in bloody campaigns!
I was taught to obey my master,
I was lead-dog when still a cub,
But one's will is never full broken
When obedience is taught with a club!

THE WAR-DOG'S RETURN

"So at sight of the ship I was frightened,
I wanted to turn tail and run;
But more than the blast of the whistle
I feared the butt end of a gun!
And so 'twas 'good-bye' to the Northland,
'Good-bye' to the Candle Trail,
My heart was so sick, I tell you, man,
There wasn't a wag in my tail.

"For days and days we travelled,
By ship, by train and by bus,
We howled when the steamboat whistled,
And every howl was a cuss.
At last we landed in Europe,
Fowl shambles of human gore,
Where they rushed us off to the trenches
And made us 'Dogs-of-War!'

"It wasn't all 'Mush' and 'Kow-kow,'
That scrapping over there,
There were times I thought I was done for,
There were times when I didn't care!
They'd send us out to the wounded
With a canteen strapped to our back—
God! how those dough-boys suffered,
I've seen hundreds double and crack!

"I often dreamed of the Northland,
And wished before I died,
I could run one more race to Candle,
Or rove over the tundra wide.

THE WAR-DOG'S RETURN

And oh! for a feathered ptarmigan,
The hunt for a living thing,
Instead of this search by the rockets' glare
For the dead from a bullet's sting!

"It's queer how history happens,
At last we finished the scrap,
And back we came to Alaska,
To our luxurious Homeland's lap.
And when they landed us on the beach
When we arrived at Nome,
You bet I gave a howl of joy,
Hoping never again to roam!

"And in the crowd that lined the shore
To welcome us dogs, all hale,
I spied old Scotty Allen, my master,
King of the Northern Trail.
And soon Scotty spied me too,
And I heard his voice, deep bass,
Yell, "Sandy, here's Mac, our leader,
Now we'll win the Sweepstakes Race!"

"And so Scotty and I together
Are back on the Candle Trail,
In the drifting snows of Sawtooth Range,
Carrying our Uncle's mail!
Oh, the sunny South may be alright
For poodle dogs and such,
But let other breeds be dogs-of-war,
Just let me stay here and 'Mush!'"

THE WIRELESS MAN AT KOTLIK

(Near the Mouth of the Yukon River)

"I am stationed out here on the marge
Of desolate Bering Sea,
Awaiting my time of discharge
With oaths of profanity.
The birds and the beasts are free,
They travel and migrate at will,
But I joined Democracy's army—
And now I am paying the bill!"

"O Silence! If golden thou art
Then wealth circles me everywhere,
If I could trade thee in the mart
Then I'd be a billionaire!
No need to prospect the creeks,
I'll gather the hush by the spoons,
And then I'll idle for weeks
And blow it in bubble balloons!"

"There's nothing here I can see,
Just tundra and frozen mud,
Icicles draped on a tree,
Brought down by the Yukon's flood.
I welcome, thrice welcome, the cold,

THE WIRELESS MAN AT KOTLIK

For the flames of my roaring fire
Picture me lands where my silence's gold
Will purchase my every desire!

"Out here at the end of the world
I wonder how long I'll last?
I, that carried the Flag unfurled
Clear through the Argonne's blast!
I'd sooner be fighting the Hun,
Taking my chance in a trench,
Than be in the Land of the Midnight Sun
At ease on a wireless' bench."

"As I relay a message to Nome,
My idle hands fiddle the key,
It may just as well never have come
For all that it means to me.
An Eskimo passes my hut,
Both he and his dogs rejoice,
I answer his siwash salute—
I start at the sound of my voice!"

"I go inside to delve in a book,
One that Noah had in the ark,
The pages blur at my look
The North has seared me with its mark!
Oh Lord, when I again get Outside
I'll attend to my P's and Q's,
I'll then go to church every day,
I'll callous my knees on the pews."

THE WIRELESS MAN AT KOTLIK

"The birds and the beasts are free,
The snows and the winds cavort,
The moon and the stars mock down at me
Locked in this ice-bound port,
The Northern Lights flare up,
They flicker, and blaze and die!
As I sit and sip my lonely cup,—
Hark, the roving wolf-packs' cry!"

"O Solitude! where is thy grace
That hermits thy haunts should seek
Out in the deserts' wild waste?—
They should have come here a week!
If they had red sins to atone,
Mere residence here would efface.
Alone, alone, alone!
Oh, this is a horrible place!"

"The seals splash around in the sea,
The walrus disports on the ice,
But I, like the North Star am fixed,
Like a bear that's trapped in a vice.
Gibbous and shroud-like the snow,
Wretched and lonely my lot,
Soon I'll be bedlam, I know,
In this gruesome land God forgot!"

PTARMIGAN STEW A LA MULLIGAN'S SQUAW

I'd like to go back to Idaho
And marry a dame I know;
But I don't think she'd come
To this Land of Rum,
Where it's sixty-two below;
And I can't go there
Because I've lost the air
Of how a fellow should be,
When he must live
In a town and give
His time to society.
But there is a squaw
That is widowed by law,
The same is the Muk-Luk Kid;
She lost her pa when Dan McGraw
Slammed the male Muk-luk with a skid.

My partner then was a prince among men,
Mike Mulligan his monniker,
And said Mike to me, "It'll be charity
For you to drink less liquor,
And take her in, though it be a sin;
She'll make you an excellent klootch;

PTARMIGAN STEW A LA MULLIGAN'S SQUAW

And I'm getting sick hearing you whine and kick,
It's driving me to hootch!
I'll leave you my poke, since you're always broke,
And then I'll take to the hills;
I feel my feet itch, so while the dogs I hitch,
Please roll me one of your pills.
But before I go I'll put on some dough,
And we'll have a scrumptious stew,
Like my squaw used to cook before she was took
Away with the murderous flu.
And I'll teach the Kid how the trick is did,
And she'll thank Dan McGraw;
And call it luck that her buck is peluk
When she tastes ptarmigan stew a la Mulli-
gan's squaw!"

And so Mike vamoosed and the hot tears sluiced
Out from the wells of my eyes;
And I made up my mind that I'd be kind,
And give the Muk-luk Kid a surprise.
I'd take Mike's advice and not stop to think
twice,
Because you got to be quick;
Courtin' an Esquimo maiden is like when you're
wadin'
When ice runs loose in the creek.
Now I've been in the North, in the hills back and
forth,
Many years 'round about Nome,
And oftimes I'd dream, by my campfire's gleam,
of the chow I was used to at home.
Now, most times it's beans that I cook in be-
tweens

PTARMIGAN STEW A LA MULLIGAN'S SQUAW

The while I am sinking a hole
Down to bedrock each day, in an attempt to
strike pay;
And they're slowly shrivelling my soul!
I'd sometimes think that I'd like to sink
Into an endless sleep,
So that I might dream of what might have been,
Had I a woman in wedlock to keep.

I've wintered at Cape York, where there's no
need for a fork,
When you dine in a smelly igloo;
The Eskimoes there just squat in a square
And finger their whale-blubber stew.
And I did it, too, for the motto I construe,
"In York do as the Yorkers do?"
If you don't you will learn that their code is
stern,
And harm may happen to you.
I've dined and I've wined before I came to this
land,
I've feasted in every clime;
I've ate flying-fish from a cocoanut-shell dish,
And I liked frog-legs the very first time.
In China or France I never missed a chance
To make merry when grub was in sight;
But here I get grumpy because I get hungry,
And under the Northern Light it's a plight!

Now before Mike fled, he did as he said
About teaching the Muk-luk Kid;

PTARMIGAN STEW A LA MULLIGAN'S SQUAW

She can now cook a squid and when she lifts the
lid

From the pot on our Yukon stove,
The savory smell brings the sour-doughs pell-
mell,

As the wind wafts a whiff down the cove.
And so I'll ask the Kid if she'll accept my bid
To be spliced accordin' to law.

Oh! it's not her looks, but man, how she cooks
Ptarmigan stew a la Mulligan's squaw!

THE WOODCHOPPER

He stood upon the river bank
Beside his pile of wood,
His cabin in the clearing,
A rough shelter for his brood.
When the steamboat made a landing,
I found it hard to trace
A resemblance to a white man
Upon his bearded face.

I wondered how the man did live
In such a lonely place,
Where there wasn't much of anything
But leagues and leagues of space.
I pondered on the life he led,
Apart from his own kind;
And would he evermore return
To the land he left behind!

Apart from his own kind? Maybe.
'Tis here he found his own;
For some there be who find their kin
In heathen flesh and bone!
They find our modern moral code
A bit too tightly laced;

THE WOODCHOPPER

But within the Arctic Circle
They can live to suit their taste!

Carelessly I spoke to him,
And looked him straight in eye,
To see if I could there surprise
A tear-drop or a sigh.
And carelessly he answered me,
And carelessly scratched his head—
And carelessly he scratched and scratched,
Where're the cooties fled!

"Oh Yukon Woodsman," my inward thought,
"You lead a wretched life,
'Way up here beneath the Pole,
With a native klooch for wife!"
But audibly I spoke him thus:
"Bill, how goes it here with you?"
And I tendered him my favored plug,
From which he took a chew!

"Oh City Man," replied the exiled one,
"I lead a life of bliss;
I chop my wood; I smoke my pipe;
Home never was like this!
The steamboat captains buy my ricks,
And never cut my bids;
And to my squaw my word is law—
How do you like the kids?"

THE WOODCHOPPER

"Observe," said he, "my wants are few,
My wardrobe here is plain;
The same clothes I wear in sunshine,
I also wear in rain.
I take no heed of modes or styles;
I am not plagued with bills;
And when my wife gets quarrelsome,
I go hunting in the hills!

"I do not crawl to any man,
Nor after riches strive;
I do not drive a nine-dog team
When my neighbor drives but five.
I'm no stickler on conventions,
And though beyond the church's law,
I never yet have stolen
Another woodsman's squaw!

"Oh, Man of Smug Conventions,
I may not lead a life of ease,
Up here within the Polar Zone,
But I live much as I please.
I find it suits me to a "T"—
And I don't envy you!"
And benignantlly he looked at me,
And I passed another chew!

His hair was thick and matted,
And his eyes with freedom blazed,
While unconcernedly he scratched
Wher'ere the cooties grazed.

THE WOODCHOPPER

**His etiquette lacked much of charm,
But he most persuaded me,
To be a Yukon woodchopper
And live a life so free!**

THE ALASKA EXCURSION

You folks who've taken this voyage in gladness,
And regarded each moment as bliss,
Haven't you had a good time without sadness,
And don't your thoughts run something like
this:

"We left Seattle as the shadows lengthened
Across the tranquil blue of Elliott Bay;
We now return in mind and body strengthened
By the change of scene we've had each day.

"We've seen a Land of wondrous peace and
splendor,
A Land that's part and parcel of our own,
A Land where Uncle Sam is the Defender,
A Land where only strong men make their
home!

Alaska's young, but oh! it's had a history;
God only knows what dangers men have met,
Who first came to the North to solve it's mys-
tery;
Their lives and deeds we never can forget!

"We make the voyage now in ocean liners,
With luxuries to tempt the young and old;
But the early pioneers and miners—

THE ALASKA EXCURSION

Well we can guess what men endure for luring
gold!
We've seen the glories of the Inside Passage,
Each mile a nature-poem unto itself;
The valleys, glacier-girded since the Ice Age,
Silver Falls that tumble down the mountain
shelf!

"Can we forget the peacefulness of Sitka?
Can we forget the charm of Ketchikan?
Can we forget the sunset that lit the
Sky as we passed by the Isle of Estavan?
We can't forget our great surprise at Juneau,
With it's gold mines that fringe the Channel
shore;
And Haines and Petersburg and Skagway,
Shall linger in our memory evermore!

"The strange wonder of the sun at midnight,
The rose-tint of the virgin snow,
That gleamed from crag and peak at twilight,
And changed to sombre gray at morning's
glow.
The forests that stretch so far, they're endless,
The glaciers that come down to kiss the sea,
Glistening ice vastitudes that sent us
Into transports of thrilling ecstasy!

"We've had a trip that's satisfied our craving,
Our cup of joy has been full to the brim,
And our only sorrow now is to be leaving

THE ALASKA EXCURSION

A ship that's satisfied our every whim.
The meals so tasty, weren't they delicious?
Our appetites left spaces to be filled,
We ate everything in sight, and scraped the
dishes,
In cleaning up the dinner we were skilled!

"From captain down the crew was kind and
gracious,

For their efforts we have only words of praise;
And we'll tell the tourists that replace us,

That on the 'Spokane' they'll have ten happy
days.

You can bet that when we feel a yearning

For the wanderlust that's in us, every man,
Our thoughts back to Alaska will be turning,
And in memory we will cherish the 'Spokane'!"

ALASKA TOURIST RUBAIYAT

Some for the pleasures of this world; and some
Yearn for the Aridness that is to come;
Others war to maim and kill their kind—
Age of martial law, hand-grenade and bomb!

I saw a friend before I came away,
And we two talked of Thirst, as freemen may;
And as between the Bryan view and mine—
Or Wet, or Dry; he knew not what to say!

There is no fixed view. Fanatics warn
That those who drink will live to mourn;
They love to mark the path we all must walk—
But who refuses when the cork is drawn?

My friend is well informed; his mind runs in a
groove
Straight to the point he wants to prove;
"Go on up to Alaska, Dan," he said,
"Policemen there don't watch your every
move!"

And so away! to tour Alaska, wonderland,
Where peace serene doth reign on every hand;

ALASKA TOURIST RUBAIYAT

The smell of piney woods, and cool, salt air—
What more, I ask, could arid man demand?

A fortnight's cruise through placid waters blue,
Towering mountains ever in close view;
And eagles soaring in the wilderness—
What peace, enow, Allah, all praise to you!

We may recline upon the shaded deck
Of our good ship; afar a crag, mere speck,
Aglint in pearly pink and gold! Eternal snow!
We ponder—and the dinner gong respect!

Or here, upon some purling river's brink,
We may decide the while to fish; to think—
Am I correct? or is my reason swayed
By that mild liquid that Alaskans drink?

Again at ease, the story in the book
Holds us enthralled; yon gurgling brook
Cascades seaward, it's vernal song unheard—
How oft the scene calls for another look!

We fly the din and strife, the world at war,
The voice of Bryan, blatant mugwump's roar;
And far up in the North we'll find
The repose—and change—we have been hop-
ing for!

ALASKA TOURIST RUBAIYAT

A label sometimes hides the false for true;
And taste alone provides the proper clew;
A brief vacation in Alaska's wilds—
I judge it Scotch! Steward, all praise to you!

Three days, anon, since we left Seattle's gate,
Haggard and dry; a drought in every State;
At Juneau soon, Alaska's pride; my pen—
My thirst is keen. Allah, this Scotch is great!

Oh cooks of the good ship, the Nobel Prize
Were yours, 'twere it mine to give! Your pies
And savory vituals just hit me right—
Forsooth, you make the ship a Paradise!

To-day we passed a hundred waterfalls;
I stood in awe at Taku's icy walls;
And as I scanned the glacier's dizzy climb,
I mused—"Useless Ice! we have no rye high-
balls!"

So blue the sky and bright the Midnight Sun!
Busy the trollers while the salmon run!
Oh! Northland Muse, my laggart pen inspire—
Direct me where to buy; my jug is done!

Oh William Bryan; would thou were with me
here!
These sparkling waters, cool and crystal clear,
I'd gladly push you in, and watch you sink—
Since you their virtues much prefer to beer!

ALASKA TOURIST RUBAIYAT

Or, Bill, I'd like to chain you on a mount,
With nothing near you but a trickling fount;
Alaska has so many here to spare—
I tried to number them but lost the count!

And now, so soon, alas, we're homeward bound;
Too short has been our trip from Puget Sound;
We've seen Alaska, glacier, sea and mine,
And wonders such as nowhere else are found.

Skagway, where the Trail of 'Ninety-Eight began;
Chilkoot, graveyard of a caravan;
Sitka, with it's atmosphere of Russia—
The High-North that begins at Ketchikan!

When I get home again and meet my friend,
His hand I'll shake and thanks to him extend;
I'm rested now; my thirst is quenched—
Allah, preserve Alaska to the End!

NOVEMBER IN NOME

The last boat is leaving,
My heart is grieving;
After all the years
I have spent in Nome.

I cannot wander
Outside to squander
A fortune and visit
The folks at home!

My days of spending
Are quickly ending;
Illusions shattered,
Ambition dead.

The winter's nearing,
The North is sneering,
"I've still got you,
Though your friends have fled!"

The snow is falling
And slowly crawling,
Down the jagged edges
Of the Sawtooth Slopes.

NOVEMBER IN NOME

Soon all the tundra
It will bury under,
Like the slender traces
Of my vanished hopes.

The boat departing,
Leaves a wake while darting,
Across the waters
Of Bering Sea.

Like the sunset's shading,
It's quickly fading;
And that's how gladness
Departs from me!

The sky is scowling,
The dogs are howling;
My heart responds
To the dismal tune.

Oh! Bryan, damn you,
May the devil cram you—
I wish we had back
Our old saloon!

ROMANCE ON AN ALASKA LINER

'Twas high up on the top-deck where
The little boats are tied,
That I took a seat last evening,
With Maggie by my side.
The ship was ours, the world was ours;
The time was half-past nine,
When shyly and fondly
She slipped her hand in mine!

The wavelets swept about us,
Behind us and before,
They lapped and clapped, and purled and curled,
Upon the ocean floor.
The sky was bright above us,
The sunset something fine,
That lit the love-light in her eyes,
And drew her hand in mine!

The shore was half a mile away,
And we were all alone.
The wake we made was quick to fade,
A line of milky foam.
She watched the water churning,

ROMANCE ON AN ALASKA LINER

Marked the propeller's rhyme;
But I—I felt the burning
Of her little hand in mine!

The noisy crowd below us—
What cared we for the dance?
When we could sit in twilight
And watch the waters prance.
A star shot through the heavens,
Dan Cupid's counter-sign,
And I felt his arrow pierce me
As I took her hand in mine!

Oh! Little Girl, so fairy-like,
I did not think I'd meet
My fate so soon when I booked upon
This flag-ship of the fleet.
To sojourn through life with you
In any land or clime,
I know I'd every happy be
With your little hand in mine!

On our return to the U. S. A.
Let us to the parson run,
And have him tie a little knot
That cannot come undone.
Then years from now when far away,
In distance and in time,
We'll think of the good ship "EVANS,"
And your little hand in mine!

THE BALLAD OF HOW LOVE CAME TO A CROSS-EYED COUPLE

I've heard some doubting Thomas say that first-
sight loves don't chance,
That something more is needed than that first,
long, soulful glance;
Listen and I'll tell to you of at least one true
instance,
That happened on an Alaska steamer; this is the
circumstance:

It happed one night in the waning light as we
were ready to sail,
The gang-plank in and all the din of the busy
wharf hushed and still,
The "Good-Byes" said, we were thinking of bed
and the warmth of our state-room's pale.
When a youth who came late leaped over the gate
and climbed up the vessel's rail.

He was calm and cool and seemed no fool, and I
noted his leeward eye
Had a squint and a glint like a spark of flint and
he flashed it 'round and 'round.

THE BALLAD OF HOW LOVE CAME TO A CROSS-EYED COUPLE

Says he, "I'm late, but I wish you'd wait till I
bid my friends good-bye,
I was delayed 'cause my luggage strayed, and I
waited till it was found."

When his baggage came I remarked the name
tagged on the end of a trunk,
"Percy DeSalle, Berkeley, Cal.," and the destina-
tion "Seward."
Then the whistle blew and as from the pier we
drew, I sleepily made for my bunk,
But I turned and took another look at the youth
with the squinted eye to leeward.

When along came a maid, and I was glad I
stayed, for then the drama was staged,
She paused at the stair, her golden hair tightly
combed over her ears,
And her windward eye took a slant toward the
sky, though the other was perfectly gauged.
The two of them met, I remember it yet, their
gaze seemed to fathom the years.

When I went a-hem-m! it meant nothing to
them, they gazed and gazed and gazed!
Into the moulds of each other's souls with eyes
that blazed and blazed!
With all the might of love's first light, whose
flames could never be quenched
With nothing less than the wantonness of pas-
sion's consequence.

THE BALLAD OF HOW LOVE CAME TO A CROSS-EYED COUPLE

Again I went a-hem! a-hem-m-m! and again I
went a-hem-m-m!

But still their gaze in a dreamy haze remained
unlocked, unbroke!

. And it seemed to me that there was no key could
loose the lock for them,
For Cupid's darts had pierced their hearts with
a sure and rapid stroke.

So I went below, though I disliked to go; I'd
glimpsed the magic force,

And I hated to miss the soulful kiss that would
follow the trance-like spell

That held the eyes that would otherwise have
taken a different course,

If each leeward eye and each windward eye had
been properly set in it's well.

Next day at table Percy sat next to Mabel—he
wasn't aware of her name—

He'd turn and say, "Honey, Gee, ain't it funny,
how I found you at last, at last!"

And his leeward eye seemed to descry each want
and wish of his flame;

And her windward eye echoed his sigh and her
lips barely touched the repast.

'Twas weird to see and it did please me in a
queer, hypnotic way,

They'd sit and spoon 'neath the misty moon, and
they cared not who looked on.

THE BALLAD OF HOW LOVE CAME TO A CROSS-EYED COUPLE

He called her "Dove," she'd whisper "Love," and
they'd known only a day!

Oh! Cupid's a wizard and he storms like a blizzard
when once he gets hooked on.

When we arrived at Seward that eye to leeward
searched out the parson's manse,

And soon, united, Mabel, delighted, to windward
eyed wedlock ring,

And I'm sure that I, who gladly stood by, use
no extravagance,

When I say that Love at First-Sight may come in
the night, though cynics say there's no
such thing.

WEATHER

When the sun is shining gaily
It is easy to be spry;
You blithely sing songs daily
And keep your spirits high.
You chirp a cheery greeting
As you hop out of your bed,
And it's echo keeps repeating
Long after you have fed.
You look upon the mountains
With rapture in your gaze,
As you watch the bubbling fountains
Tumbling down the shady glades.
The snow, so pink and pearly,
Upon the distant peaks;
The rocks, so big and burly,
With such rakish shapes and freaks.

You sense the peace and splendor
That Alaska calls it's own,
When you sight a glacial wonder—
Some mighty Ice-God's throne.
Oh! When the sun is shining
You're as rich as old John D.,
For your thoughts are all arhyming
With Springtime's melody.
But when the sky is foggy

WEATHER

And the rain is pouring down,
You're liable to feel groggy,
And groutch and growl and frown!

You cannot see the Midnight Sun,
You cannot see the hills;
In fishing you can see no fun,
You cannot feel the thrills;
You can't loll in a steamer chair
In the great Outdoors;
Your soul cavorting in higher air,
Where the eagle soars;
You cannot go to table
To eat a piece of pie,
Without a wish to kick your neighbor
And slam him in the eye;
You cannot see the Northern Lights
Go flaming across the dome!
Your system's full of barks and bites
And you wish that you'd stayed home!

Oh! such is life and such are men;
Much hinges on the weather,
If we would be congenial when
We bunch ourselves together.
So let us drink this little toast,
"Alaska, in sunshine or in rain,
We love your vales, we love your coast,
And may we all come back again!"

THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE

*Their spirits hover, in calm or blow,
Where Prudence warned, "Go slow! go slow!"*

Three hundred and thirty-one beneath these waters lie!

Three hundred and thirty-one who had to die
Because a captain, long past his prime,
Gambled to keep his scheduled time!—
Gambled with Death in a blinding snow,
Though Prudence warned: "Go slow! Go slow!
These bays with rocks and reefs abound,
Do not run your ship aground!"

So Prudence warned; but still he sped
With the telegraph set "full speed ahead!"
"I'll take a chance (I've often done it)
Though many lives depend upon it.
I know it's rash to keep under way,
But the C. P. S. brooks no delay!"

But Death won that game of chance—
The fallen in a fray in France
Were not more numerous than the list
Who perished in that howling mist,
When the staunch Sophia came to grief
On the gaping jaws of Vanderbilt Reef!

THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE

Captain, crew and ship's company—
Not one survived their agony.
None lived to tell the harrowing tale
Of that mournful day and fateful gale!

*But their spirits hover, in calm or blow,
Where Prudence warned, "Go slow! go slow!"*

Note.—The S. S. Princess Sophia, of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company, was wrecked on Vanderbilt Reef, Lynn Canal, Alaska, on October 24, 1917. Everyone aboard, 331 in number, perished. Whenever ships meet with disaster in these waters the public is quick to criticise without waiting for an official investigation to place the blame.

FOG AND SNOW

People ask me with impatience
When the ship comes to a stop:
"What's the matter? Goodness gracious!
Are we going to go kerflop?"
And they huddle all together,
As the engines slip a cog,
But all is well except the weather;
The captain sees a bank of fog!
Maybe it hangs low and lurking,
Around a point some miles away;
Maybe it is high and working
With the wind across the bay;
But no matter where he views it
With his sharp and weather eye,
He hates mighty hard to lose it;
So keeps the vessel standing by.

Other craft go along unthrottled;
Vessels pass on every side;
Every hulk and scow unscuttled,
While our ship waits for fog and tide.
And they greet us as they pass us,

FOG AND SNOW

With a loud and raucous blast,
Just as if they mean to class us
With the snags they hold aghast.

But even as they hoot and jeer us,
And call to us to throw a line,
And they will tow us to a pier as
Soon as not, I think it fine;
And hope our captain will take the offer,
So that we'll see home again,
Before the ship wears out the rudder
And the grub is on the wane.

I could live and still be happy
On a ship or on a tug,
As long as I hear the waters lapping
And the engines chug-a-chug.
But it makes me glum and weary
When they drop the hook all night,
Just because the captain's leary
Of every wisp of fog in sight.

When the birds all South are heading
We will still be pointed North;
When Winter's snows are laid for sledding,
We will still be creeping forth.
Then he'll anchor when it's snowing,
Just as now he stops for fog;
God only knows when we'll be going,
"Home-bound" written on the log.

FOG AND SNOW

It's a cinch we'll all be wrinkled,
Bearded, old and gray,
Unless we choose a hill-side, dew-besprinkled,
To lay the Old Man's goat away!

Note.—Whenever ships are navigated with caution, and hence meet with delays in fogs, and snows and foul weather, passengers thereon are prone to be impatient and jibe the navigating officers as being timid and incompetent.

SUNNY CALIFORNIA

I want to hear the steamboat toot for a summer
land that's gay;
I want to feel the soft sunshine of dreamy Monterey;
I want to hear the captain call:
"Come on, my lads, let's go!"
I want to go to "Sunny Cal"
And forget this Land of Snow!

I want to see the blossoms bloom pink on the
cherry trees;
I want to stretch on a sandy beach near Los Angeles;
I want to hear the mate sing out
"Aye, Aye Sir, the lines are free!"
I want to sail for "Sunny Cal"—
That's the land for me!

I want to see the Berkeley hills green in the
hazy sky;
I want to see the "Only Town" where all good
fellows hie;
I want to hear the engines throb,
And gladness will be mine,

SUNNY CALIFORNIA

**When I sail through the Golden Gate
On a ship of the Admiral Line!**

**I want to leave this frigid zone North of Fifty-
three;
I want to live in a summer land and bathe in a
silver sea;
I want to see the steamboat start
And I want to be aboard—
When she sets her course for "Sunny Cal"
You bet I'll thank the Lord!**

THE BALLAD OF THE ICE-BOUND SHIP

In the dailies of July the Seventh,
Nineteen Hundred and Eight,
May be found as news the story
That I here in rhyme relate.

A ship sailed from Seattle,
Bound North to Bering Sea,
It passed out Flattery on June the First
And in Nome on the Eighth should be.

The day was bright and balmy,
The passengers blithe and gay,
And an envious crowd watched from the pier
As the good ship steamed away.

And than the ship "Ohio"
No faster could be found,
Among all the other vessels
That sailed from Puget Sound.

What of the ice conditions?
The "Ohio" was the ship
That would forge her way among the floes,
And give them all the slip!

THE BALLAD OF THE ICE-BOUND SHIP

And so hope and expectations rife
Burned within each manly breast,
That he would be in Nome at least
A week before the rest.

The passage up to Unimak
Was brisk with a favored wind,
And the Ohio entered Bering Sea
With the others far behind.

And as she passed the bleak Scotch Cap
All hands were out on deck—
A few more days of wind and wave,
Then nuggets by the peck!

And all their thoughts were golden thoughts—
Oh! what a golden joke,
Before those other ships would come,
They would fill with gold their poke!

And so when the whistle blew,
They raised a merry shout,
Saluting the Scotch Cap Light guard
As the good ship tossed about.

And then away through Bering Sea!
St. Lawrence quickly passed;
Nunivak Island on the lee—
Soon Nome, oh Nome, at last!

THE BALLAD OF THE ICE-BOUND SHIP

But no! oh, what has happened,
The ship comes to a sudden stop,
Like a pointer that sights his quarry
And no further dares to hop!

All hands went quickly out to see,
And heard the look-out shout:
"Ice forward, sir, on the starboard bow!"
And the captain ordered to turn about.

The course was changed from North Northeast
To North, two points to West,
And once more the good ship started
To be in Nome a week before the rest.

A day of this, and once again
The ship slowed down its speed,
Like when a jockey pulls the reins
On a thoroughbred racing steed.

Once more the cry from look-out came,
"Ice ahead, sir, a quarter beam to port!"
And once again the captain scowled,
And pulled the ship up short.

Then anxious, indeed, the crowd did get
That they were losing time.
And began to fear that they would never be
In Nome the first to mine.

THE BALLAD OF THE ICE-BOUND SHIP

They began to fear the skipper
Was not a man of pluck,
And as the fear to knowledge grew,
They cursed their rotten luck.

So they sent a delegation
To ask the captain to be bold,
They wanted to be in Nome the first,
To get the first chance at the gold!

But lo, the ship starts out again,
This time the course was West,
And quickly down to zero went all hope
To be in Nome before the rest!

To West she sailed some twenty leagues,
And then coursed slightly North,
And, impelled slowly by a light North wind
The ice came creeping forth.

It came from North, it came from East,
It came from South and West,
And forever glimmering went all hope
To be in Nome before the rest.

The ice closed in, a pallid mass,
That locked the ship up tight,
Oh, a sad and haggard bunch, indeed,
Were the men aboard that night.

THE BALLAD OF THE ICE-BOUND SHIP

Days and days went slowly by,
And still the ice held fast.
The days grew into weary weeks,
And drearily they passed.

The weeks grew nigh unto a month,
The grub began to wane,
And still no sign of a change of wind,
So that the ship could go on again.

Meanwhile the master, Conrady,
Kept shut up in his room,
And the passengers and crew all thought
That the ship had met its doom!

They gathered in the smoking room,
A muttering, chattering mass;
They cursed the master roundly,
And called him a bally ass!

They gathered in the dining room,
Wherein they all did eat;
And again they scored the master,
And called him an idiot!

At last a thoughtful passenger
Proposed an interview;
He'd go himself to Master Conrady
To see what he could do.

THE BALLAD OF THE ICE-BOUND SHIP

"Dear Captain," said the passenger,
"If you have some dynamite,
I'll blast a roadway through this ice
And we'll get out alright.

"Today I climbed the after-mast
And I could see for miles ;
Astern of us there's not much ice,
But ahead it's packed in piles !

"If we can make the open sea,
We can go home again ;
You see, the boys are getting peeved,
And the grub is on the wane !"

And Master Conrady answered him,
"My man, don't take affright,
For grub we have our cargo still,
But we have no dynamite.

"Soon, I think, the wind will change,
The glass is going down ;
I hope it don't go down too far,
Or else we all will drown !

"We weren't just expecting this,
But now that we are here,
We may be here another week,
And we may be here a year !

THE BALLAD OF THE ICE-BOUND SHIP

"And now, good-night, my thoughtful friend,
When you go down below,
Please tell the other passengers
I hope that soon we'll go!"

So back came this passenger
Unto the motley crowd below,
Assembled in the social hall
And grumbling at their woe.

He gave the captain's message,
Explaining that the glass
A warning gave, when it did fall,
That a gale would come to pass.

Now among the ship's company
There were some timid souls,
And a gale to come just then meant that
The ice might cut big holes,

Into the vitals of the ship;
She surely would go down—
And then a watery grave for them,
For surely they would drown!

They huddled in the social hall
And began to weep and pray,
Calling on the Lord to succor them,
So sadly led astray.

THE BALLAD OF THE ICE-BOUND SHIP

A miner then, of braver heart,
Who was prepared to die,
Since in Nome he could not be,
Prayed thus to Him on High:

"Oh! Lord, if it be Thy will,
This ship to the Deep consign,
But, pray, let our timid captain be
The first to go in brine!

"We did not come," this miner prayed,
"To Arctic Seas explore;
Pray guide us into Nome, oh Lord,
We want to go ashore!"

And up spake a bronzed sailor,
A true son of the salt was he,
Who had sailed North with Greeley
O'er many a frozen sea.

"My friends," said this old sea-dog,
"The captain is not to blame;
If I thought he was not cautious
I never would have came.

"I've been with many masters,
And this I full well know,
That to navigate these icy seas
One sometimes must go slow!"

THE BALLAD OF THE ICE-BOUND SHIP

"And I," said an old Nome merchant,
"Also know a thing or two,
Though he may be safe and cautious,
He has got us in a stew.

"It don't take a navigator
To take us now to Nome,
I think he should be in Snug Harbor,
Or in some old folk's home.

"We did not know our captain, gents,
Or we'd have known that we
Would be the last of all the bunch,
To be in Nome on Bering Sea.

"I'm losing thousands every day,
And I swear to God that I
Could take this ship to Nome to-day,
If he would let me try!"

And so they chattered and jabbered,
And so they prayed and cursed,
These men that would now be last in Nome
Who should have been the first.

Each day now succeeding
Was the same as the day before,
Except that the ship kept drifting
Nearer to the bleak Siberian shore.

THE BALLAD OF THE ICE-BOUND SHIP

How passed the time for all that crowd?
I really hate to say,
Though most, through disappointment, drank,
To pass the time away.

Some they took to poetry,
Others argued law,
Others got melancholia,
The worst you ever saw.

Some played at solitaire,
And some they took to women,
Though anyone with half an eye
Should see there's nothing in 'em.

One, Ziph, who managed River boats,
Feeling out of place on this one,
Worked out a scheme to break the ice,
But Conrady wouldn't listen!

Others took to pinochle,
Like lovers who get spooney;
For such as they what else is there
To keep from going looney?

One, Sciscovitch, had to beg from friends
When he wanted cigs or skee,
For he'd made a bet that he'd be first
To be in Nome on Bering Sea.

THE BALLAD OF THE ICE-BOUND SHIP

Such was the life of all that bunch
Aboard the staunch Ohio,
Packed in the ice that wouldn't break,
With a captain that wouldn't try to!

Now what of the folks at Seattle
When the month of June had gone,
And the Fourth of July that followed,
And it, too, had passed on?

With no tidings of the Ohio,
Or of Master Conrady,
Who had set out so gaily
On his voyage to Bering Sea?

When all the ships that had sailed to Nome
Had returned to Puget Sound,
And still no word had brought of her,
Or any trace had found?

There was no wireless in those days,
Nor was a cable laid—
And when a ship did not return
They gave her up for dead!

When the old Victoria came sailing home
And tied up at her pier,
A multitude asked Johnny O'Brien,
Anxiously, if he did see her.

THE BALLAD OF THE ICE-BOUND SHIP

But that old mariner shook his head
And sadly answered, "No,
I sailed to East and I sailed to West,
And where every wind did blow;

"I scanned the horizon North and South
As homeward we did comb,
But though we did not sight her once,
I think she is in Nome!

"You see, the ice was thick up there,
And an Easterly wind was blowin'
I caught and trained a walrus for a guide,
That's how I got to Nome.

"I skirted St. Lawrence hard to port,
To windward kept Nunivak,
And when I ran into an open sea
My walrus knew the track!"

But, still, the people were alarmed
For all their friends so dear,
And as each and every ship arrived
They craved some word to hear.

And they prayed the Lord that some day soon
The Ohio would return,
And that their friends were safely landed
On that far off Northern bourn.

THE BALLAD OF THE ICE-BOUND SHIP

And at last their prayers were answered,
It was late in the month of July,
As a salmon-colored sunset
Lit the Western Washington sky.

When slowly from the Northward
A steamer hove in view,
And they recognized the Ohio
So many weeks overdue.

And on the bridge a figure,
Age-worn, bent and low,
And they knew it was Conrady, master,
Who sailed so long ago.

And all the vessels in harbor
Blew a joyful, welcome blast,
That the Ohio, Conrady, master,
Had safely arrived at last!

Note.—The S. S. Ohio sailed June 1st, 1908, for Nome, Alaska, and reached the Northern port July 7, just 37 days out from Seattle.

A SAILOR LAD

On the battlefield to die
Would be a glorious death,
But a sailor lad am I
With every pulse and breath.

The Deep is the sailor's home;
There's where I would be,
Entwined in my country's flag,
Let the seas roll over me!

No stone can mark the spot
Where I'll lie in endless sleep,
Though I'm sure a friendly star
Will a constant vigil keep!

And when winds and storms rage
My spirit shall be a guide
For mariners that brave
And sail the ocean wide.

HARRY WEBSTER

His name was Harry Webster, a most unassuming lad,
Who didn't ask for much from life, but gave of
all he had.
The mischief of his boyhood always struck a
roving note,
And his taste for life's adventure made him
choose a life afloat.
He didn't seek promotion, just a piece of drift-
wood he,
But his manhood has added lustre to the annals
of the sea.

On the Admiral liner "Governor" he filled a humble berth,
But the brave deeds of the humble are the bravest
deeds on earth.
Among his routine duties was to shine the cabin
brass,
But with the Lord today as master he has a job
of higher class,
And there's not a heart among us but should
throb with honest pride
When we read of Harry Webster and the noble
way he died.

HARRY WEBSTER

On that fateful April midnight there was quiet on
Puget Sound
The stars, full crop, were twinkling on the coun-
try all around
No thought in all that sleeping crowd of pas-
sengers and crew
That doom was nigh and death was near before
the dawn was due,
From the look-out came no warning, on the sea
no sound or splash,
When like a clap of thunder came a great heart-
rending crash.

The Bombay-bound "West Hartland," with
eight-thousand tons of freight,
Had rammed the crack ship "Governor," the pride
of sea and strait
Now many ships were sunk in war by the deadly
submarine
When the gallant deeds of our brave boys in-
creased the Kaiser's spleen,
But the heart that's stout in peacetime needs a
superbrand of grit,
A courage greater than the heart that does a
war-time bit.

The heavy laden freighter cut the greyhound like
a knife,
And good seamanship, unaided, cut down the
loss of life,
But a mother in a cabin trapped by the swift
impact

HARRY WEBSTER

Refused to leave her pinioned babes, he thrilled at
the mother's act.
He didn't have a fighting chance to save those
hapless three,
But he figured that he'd do it or go down into
the sea.

His mates saw it was futile and wildly called
to him to quit,
And as the last life-boat was lowered pleaded
that he jump for it,
But the courage of this seaman as he went to
meet his Lord
Was like the great love of that mother for the
children she adored.
Oh, it don't take long to tell it and every sailor-
man on earth
Should know the name of Webster, though he
filled a humble berth.

TO ROBERT SERVICE

Many poets write of the Northland
And all their song is the same,
Blizzards, snowslides and glaciers,
Harlots, murder and shame,
Gold-lust, maniacs, demons,
Everything wicked and vile,
Slander, rumor and falsehood
In every meter and style.
But there is one among their number
Who rightly deserves fortune and fame,
Robert Service, the Bard of the Northland,
We honor and cherish his name!

The land? He paints vivid word pictures.
The life? He portrays it with truth.
Clean are his themes and his diction,
Though his heroes be rough and uncouth.

There is no law on the Yukon,
The cheechakoes boastfully say,
But there is a creed that is bred in the breed,
Of the men out digging for pay.
It holds that a cache is sacred,
Don't touch of another's store;
And he that steals is an outcast

TO ROBERT SERVICE

Branded forevermore!
As a wolf he is known to the miner,
As a wolf he is trapped at last,
But though you have stolen our hearts, Robert
Service,
The most loved bard of the North is your caste!

So we honor his name, and we ponder:
His writings will live when we're dead,
And future generations will wonder
If these things can be true like he said!

TO H. F. ALEXANDER

President Pacific S. S. Co.

Honor!

Faith!

Ability!

Honor has been the keynote of his enter-
prise;
Faith in himself to do whatever task he
tries;
Ability, these three, have been the secret
of his rise.
Let others pause at the A B C's; when
Endless and impassable seems the road to
the
X Y Z's, he pushes on! And as he climbs
each rugged hill,
All the while he is smiling still!
Never yet is that man down who
Delights to smile when others frown.
Ever will Neptune's ruddy sailormen
Revere Success when it smiles on him!

**FORMULA OF THE SUCCESS
OF**

ANCIL F. HAINES

**Vice-President and General Manager,
Pacific Steamship Company.**

I worked like blue blazes
When I was a kid;
I worked like a truck-horse,
That's what I did!
And I've never found time
To break off the habit,
And I'm never so happy
As when I'm hard at it!

I don't think life's prizes
Are won just by luck;
They are most always won
By the man who has pluck.
You'll notice in baseball
The breaks come out even,
And the best team is ahead
At the end of the season.

And life is like baseball;
You must work hard to win.
Home-runs seldom come
Unless you drive them in.
Work like blue blazes,
And then work some more,
And you'll likely win life's battle
By a pretty fair score.

TO DR. JOHN H. OUTLAND

(Of Kansas City, Mo., an ardent Alaskan
enthusiast)

The days of youth do not remain,
De Soto sought the fabled fount in vain.
Yet we doctors strive to prolong the lives
Of the fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,
Brothers, sisters, sons and daughters
Of the human race in earth's four quarters.
We cut out appendixes, tonsils, nerves,
And our noble purpose never swerves
To drive disease from off the earth
And make men's lives a time of mirth.
We make research and call on Science
That man may bid the Grave defiance!

And yet the life of a busy doctor
Is fraught with jeers and hoots and laughter.
Repairing humans of either sex
Makes all doctors nervous wrecks.
I tell you, Dan, it's a thankless job
A sick man's glands to cut and swab.
You'll cure his fever, rheum and gout,
And all his ills you'll put to rout;
You'll carve your way with skill and pain

TO DR. JOHN H. OUTLAND

And scrape the cob-webs off his brain,
And then the loon will shout derision—
Such the reward of the skilled physician!

And so we planned this little trip
Which takes us riding on this ship.
We hunted bear and moose and grouse
And now, by gum, we can eat a house!
The North is like a fairy land,
For rebuilding men it beats the band!
Our brief vacation soon will end
And we'll return to cut and mend
The citizens of K. C., Mo.
And so corral the needed dough
To come again to Alaska when
The mood to hunt hits us again!

TO CAPTAIN JOHNNY O'BRIEN

What do you mean, Captain Johnny O'Brien,
By forsaking all the old friends of thine
Who still are forced to abide in Nome?
When the "Vic" arrived and we missed your face,
Nome seemed to us a more desolate place
Less your yearly call to our Northern home!
Have tropical lands your affections stole?
Or have you abandoned old Neptune's roll
For a farmer's life or a landsman's berth?
But no matter what your motive may be,
The Brotherhood, John, sends this message to
thee,
"The Northland appreciates your worth;
Wherever you are, wherever you roam,
As the compass needle turns to the North,
You'll hold the esteem of the folks at Nome!"

TO CAPTAIN O. J. NEWCOMB OF THE YUKON RIVER

When the '13 season's over and his
boat lies in the slough,
Our friend Captain Newcomb is going to skidoo;
Back to the States
To travel a spell,
And you bet, as his friends, we all wish him well!
He has been a good old sourdough,
Ever true blue from head to toe!
Known throughout these Northern regions,
The friends he has made
will number legions.
He knows this long old Yukon, every sand-bar
and flat,
and there never is a minute
he doesn't know where he is at!

When he reaches San Francisco, St. Louis and
New York,
You bet he'll make them listen
to the tales that he'll uncork!
As he sits in ease and comfort in a leather Morris-
chair,
and smokes a mild Havana,
and strokes his silvery hair.

**TO CAPTAIN O. J. NEWCOMB OF THE
YUKON RIVER**

Tales of winters spent in Dawson, when it's sixty-
two below,
When we eat icicle-puddings
and take our baths out in the snow.
They'll regret there as we will, when at last he
says, "Adieu!"
And starts again for Dawson
where his boat lies in the slough.
So here's to you, Cap. Newcomb, may you find
all kinds of sport,
and find good cheer, and good health, too,
Wherever you make port ;

TO MYSELF

Ed Harriman was a railroad king;
 he made things whirl and hum.
But at forty-three he'd had his fling;
 he's now in Kingdom Come!
John Rockefeller has lots of dough;
 more than I will ever make;
But half his life is spent in woe;
 poor John has lost his stomach.
Kaiser Bill was considered great,
 he ruled part of creation;
But Bill fell from his high estate;
 and now his name is Desecration!

And so I could name a hundred men;
 its been the same in every Age,
With those who strive, with sword and pen,
 to write their name on History's Page.
And so after all is said and done,
 when we take the sleep from which
 none awaken,
We'll find that the man who has most fun,
 is not always the one that brings home
 the bacon!
So I take life much as I please,
 and do not seek for wealth or fame;
I stay at home or roam the seas—
 In the Great Hereafter who'll have a Name?

MOUNT McKINLEY, 20,500 FEET

**"Doc" Cook tried to climb this difficult mount,
But, sad to relate, he faked his account.**

**Professor Parker was next to pay "Mack" a call,
But he stopped just under the Great Eastern Wall.**

**Then along came a man who had better luck;
"Old Glory" was planted by Archdeacon Stuck.**

**The archdeacon proved by his experience,
The virtue that lies in Perseverance.**

**Cook lacked in honesty, grit and pluck;
Parker dilly-dallied, but Hudson Stuck!**

**A rose by any other name might smell as sweet,
But could Hudson Cook climb 20,500 feet?**

**As Stuck was a sky-pilot by vocation,
Perhaps he was but mapping Heaven's location.**

VOLCANOES AND WOMEN

There's a volcano in Hawaii, lad,
"Kilawea" its proud name,
That sets the balmy, tropic night
Afire with it's flame.
And round about are flowers rare,
And gentle breezes blow;
The witchery of the perfumed air
Is very sweet to know.

And far up in Alaska, lad,
Another may be seen;
Boreas rules the dismal waste,
"Shishaldon" is his Queen.
No verdure on this royal mount,
So calm, and still, and tall,
It's passion's smoke winds o'er a land
Where ice and snow appall.

Now volcanoes are like women, lad,
There are no two the same;
Though underneath each crest and breast,
There burns the self-same flame.
Kilawea is a wanton,
With painted cheeks and lips;
Shisaldon—oh! clever lass,
She smokes—but makes no slips!

NO NOME FOR ME

No!
Nome?
November?
Nothing doing.
No sun. No day. No fun.
No moon. No comfort. No saloon.
No boat. No trail. No news. No mail.
No vegetation. No animation.
No job. No pay. No, Bob,
Not for mine!
Nothing doing.
November?
Nome?
No!

A SOURDOUGH EPICURE'S RETURN

I'm back in Alaska after a sojourn Outside
Where I went to visit my kin,
I thought I would add a few pounds to my hide
But, instead, I came back rather thin.
After drifting about in the North many years,
You see, I'm an old sourdough,
I kind of got homesick a spell and I hears
That they're having good times down below.

So I says to myself, "I'll hop on a ship
And return to my home in the East,
Though there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and
the lip,
I'll rollick and frolic and feast."
And my thoughts were of "Rector's" for salads
and greens
And of "Sherry's" for eclat and soup;
I felt fed up and sick of salmon and beans
So decided that I'd fly the coup.

I started my journey on a sea that was tossed,
The ship bucked and rolled with the swell;
All the meals that I ate I immediately lost,
But of that I said "Very well,

A SOURDOUGH EPICURE'S RETURN

I'll make up for this when I get to New York,
A few meals more or less don't much matter;"
And my thoughts were of "Pabst's" and it's famed
pickled pork.
And "Shanley's" fried oysters in batter.

Ten days on the ship and six by train,
Which I boarded one night at Seattle.
Oh it felt good to me to be back again
And hear the click-clickity rattle!
When you've mushed o'er the trail at fifty below
You'll appreciate riding on tracks,
But more was I thinking of "Delmonico"
And the steaks that I'd soon eat at "Jack's."

I arrived at New York one evening in June
And started the round of cafes,
But, alas, to my cost, I discovered quite soon
That dining had taken a raise!
My poke was quite heavy, my appetite keen,
Both the accumulation of years,
But by the Fourth of July my poke was trimmed
clean;
Oh those belly-robbing cafe profiteers!

In place of a la carte at the "Cafe Martin"
I soon became a table d'hote diner,
And then a patron of cheap "Beefsteak John,"
And later a down-and-out "Bread Liner."
Oh then how I prayed for a grub stake and pack,

A SOURDOUGH EPICURE'S RETURN

Some beans, a pan and some bacon!
The Lord heard my prayer and let me mush back
To this Land which fools call Godforsaken.

So here I am, boys, no more will I roam;
Please pass me those Petersburg shrimps;
Sure pard, betcherlife, I'm headed for Nome,
I'm through with cabarets and their crimps.
It's me for the Land of the Polar Bear,
And, God bless me, I think I'm in luck,
Quite soon I'll be hunting the fat arctic hare
And dining on moose steak and duck!

So here's to the Land of our old friends the
Tin-can,
The Salmon, the Bacon and Beans,
Where every old sourdough you meet is a man
Who'll stake you the last bit in his jeans!
Here's to the streams where the salmon run,
To the hills where the caribou roam,
Here's to the Land of the Midnight Sun,
Alaska, the Sourdough's Home!

WRITTEN FOR VARIOUS DIARIES

For the Haines children, Ruth and Ancil

Ruth is a name I like quite well,
And just as much do I admire Ancil.
And when Ruth and Ancil travel together
To Alaska again, I hope they'll have good weather.
This time we had so much of rain
That perhaps they won't want to return again.
But no matter how bright the northern skies
We'll miss the sparkle of their eyes;
For even on this trip I always found
Lots of sunshine when they were around!

For Ruth Rosamond Haines.

For all Alaskans the happiest hour is when they
go Outside,
And on this steamer many sourdoughs take that
joyful ride.
But to-day I met on deck a man who took careful
pains
To tell me that his happiest hour was when he
met Ruth Rosamond Haines.
He said, "If that's the kind of girls they have
in Old Seattle,
I'll nevermore return to live in this land where
blizzards rattle."
And I agreed with him that Ruth was good to
see,
And I'm sure that all the other passengers would
say, "why so do we!"

WRITTEN FOR VARIOUS DIARIES

To a Maid From Wyoming

They tell me that you're from Wyoming,
The home of the deadly Sioux,
Land of sage brush and alkali dust storms—
Don't let them put it over on you!
Pull stakes and live in Alaska,
The Land that's fabled for gold,
And soon you will find you a husband
Forever to have and to hold.
He'll dress you in ermine and sable,
The Land will thrill with its charms,
And your only troubles the little ones
That you carry around in your arms!

WRITTEN FOR VARIOUS DIARIES

For a North Carolinian

Here's to the Land of the Long Leaf Pine,
I lived there once, but I decline
To live there again. Nor will I relate
The things I know of the Old North State!
The "Old North State?" Why it's in the midst of the
South,
Like a pea in a pod, or your tongue in your mouth.
"North" means Alaska; we don't want to prate,
But when our star is in the Flag, we'll be the Old North
State!

WRITTEN FOR VARIOUS DIARIES

For a University of Washington Student

To youth, to Age, to all, let these lines tell
What weaves the magic of Alaska's spell.
Art thou a tourist? The thrill is here
Where age-old glaciers climb the mountain tier!
Art thou a youth anxious to fill thy coffer?
Consider what Alaska has to offer.
Where else are such splendid prospects known?
Oil-lands, coal-lands, gold, find them and they're thy
own!
Nature, as if her treasures' worth to teach,
Hid them only where the strong could reach!

WRITTEN FOR VARIOUS DIARIES

To a Couple From Florida

Take us back, back, to the Swaunee River,
This is too far to roam!
The Yukon marshes seem to make us shiver,
They're not like the swamps down home.

CHORUS

All Alaska seems like zero
Everywhere we go,
And we want to see the alligators swimming
Where the dreamy bayous flow!

Take them back, back to the Swaunee River,
If they don't like Nome.
There must be something weak about their liver
And they shouldn't stray far from home!

CHORUS

Every time a sourdough leaves us
To join the Outside pack,
He imagines that his joy deceives us—
But we know that he'll come back!

WRITTEN FOR VARIOUS DIARIES

For a Kentuckian

The summers in Alaska indeed are very fine,
With it's salmon-colored sunsets and it's days
of long sunshine,
And it rivals Old Kentucky, the dark and bloody
ground,
For it's where the finest brand of Moonshine
is also to be found!

TO HON. SCOTT C. BONE

Governor of Alaska

Tomorrow, oh, tomorrow,
What hast thou in store?
We've borne the griefs of Yesterday,
We've endured the trials of Yore!
But now there comes as Governor
The Hon. Scott C. Bone,
And we're told that for all past ills
This good man shall atone.

Tomorrow, oh, tomorrow,
We pin our faith to thee,
To break the strings of intrigue
And the tape of bureaucracy.
Hast that day arrived at last,
The day we all await,
When we shall all together pull
To make our Land a State?

They say that Bone is a man of peace
Whose temper has been proved;
Then let all strife and discord cease
So Congress can be moved
To listen to what we have to say
About Alaska's needs,
And let Bone be our mouth-piece—
Let us to work and deeds!

TO MRS. SCOTT C. BONE

Wife of "Our Governor"

Yours the task through the coming years
To make a home in Juneau, Alaska.
Let not thy mind be clouded by besetting fears,
For the home is where the heart is.
And Alaska is a Land that will win your heart,
You will learn to love it every parcel and part.

To love and affection Alaska responds
Like the lillies that grow wild on its snow-fed
 ponds.
With plenty of water and abundance of sun,
They reach Nature's perfection, every one.

So we welcome you to Alaska, dear Governor's
 Lady,
To your every wish you will find us ready.
To those beautiful lines, "Home, Sweet Home,"
 there's no dreaming,
But not till you've made a home in Alaska will
 you know their full meaning!

TO MISS MARGUERITE BONE

Daughter of the Governor of Alaska

From Washington to Juneau is quite a long
distance,
But life in Alaska is like another existence.
So, like a poor lamb that is led to the slaughter,
Is the varied life of a journalist's daughter.

"Daddy" today occupies an editor's chair,
Tomorrow he governs Alaska, the land "way up
there,"
But "way up there" means Heaven, Marguerite
Bone,
To all good Alaskans, and I'm sure you'll be one.

The snow of our Alaska is the whitest you will
find,
The men of our Alaska are the whitest of man-
kind,
And the whitest wings in Heaven St. Peter keeps
on hand
To issue to the daughters of Alaska on demand!

TO THE ALASKA BUREAU OF PUBLICITY

O Booster! Thou dost well to esteem thy Alaska
fair!

Affection's fond hyperbole cannot exaggerate
her rugged charm,
Or the wealth of a thousand kings that lies hid-
den in her bosom!

But take this from me: It is a crime
To encourage settlers here to farm,
While lands in another and gentler clime
Are still unploughed and capable of blossom!

Let men of money in. Do not fear the Guggen-
heims.

Holding the whip hand of law, give Capital a
fair rein.
You will have more prosperous citizens and better
times;

A whole army of more needed workers will
come to remain,
Prospectors, miners, loggers, oil-drilling crews,
And soon Alaska will be a head-liner in the
news.

New York, Jan. 1.—Such is the friendly feeling of Canada that a group of her citizens are building a gigantic saloon on an island in the St. Lawrence river, a half-mile from the American Line for the benefit of New Yorkers desiring to view the sun through the bottom of a tumbler—(News Item.)

Why can't this be done up in the Narrows?

MEMORIES

The days of yore will come no more,
The days we used to spend our store,
 to buy a great big glass of suds
We spend our little nest-egg now
On socks and ties and sickly chow,
 And treat the dames to fancy duds.
O Memories! The joy, the fun,
To gaze upon the smiling sun
 Through a sparkling amber glass!
The poet very truly said,
"When dead you are a long time dead,"
 And "Every joy must pass."
But who would think that Prohibition
Would ever be the sad condition,
 And make our days so dark and drear?
And so I pipe this little lay,
In memory of that joyful day,
 When we could get our beer!

**IN THE WORDS OF
JOSHUA ALEXANDER,
SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR**

**(Speaking of Congressional appropriations for
Alaska)**

**Little licks and promises,
Little "daubs of paint,"
Keep Miss Alaska guessing,
Whether she is or ain't!**

THE BALLAD OF JERRY FLYNN

*This is the tale that was told to me
While crossing the waters of Bering Sea,
By that gruff old mariner, Jerry Flynn,
A truthful skipper every inch of him.*

* * *

"Out in Bering Sea where the walrus dwells
And the seals disport and play;
Where the sperm whale dips in the rolling swells
For the herring that spawn that way—

"Where passing ships are very few
And there's but little shelter found,
I was wrecked in a gale and all my crew
Were washed away and drowned.

"It's brief to relate the tale of the storm,
'Twas a roaring hurricane;
In Bering Sea they quickly form
And as quickly it calms again.

"The barometer a warning gave
And our little ship was staunch,

THE BALLAD OF JERRY FLYNN

But still I feared the monstrous wave
That a southeast blow could launch.

“And so with hatches battened down
I hove her to, with cargo snug and trim,
But hardly had the ship swung 'round
When the blow struck us full-limb!

“Then night came on and the fiendish roar
Of the gale was like a battle's blasts,
And with a cannon's sweep, like a thunderbolt,
It carried away our masts!

“The ship began to break in twain
And I watched my gallant crew
Being washed away in the swirling main,
And there was nothing that I could do!

“When all was lost but the chance to go
I hung to a cargo boom,
And when I cast away from the “Derigo”
I was sure I had met my doom!

“The waves leaped up and spattered me
And slapped me in the face,
And when one had done another came
And hammered me in it's place.

THE BALLAD OF JERRY FLYNN

"As I clung to that drifting spar
I thought of my past life,
As sinners do when death's not far
And I thought of home and wife!

"I watched a monstrous wave approach
Like a rushing avalanche,
I saw the seething sea rise up
And felt my life's blood blanch!

"The white mass hissed, my mouth gulped full,
Then I felt a burning pain,
A floating spar had crashed my skull
And darkened was my brain . . .!

* * *

"Where am I? In the living world?
Or in the world of dream?
What are those shapes that swish and swirl,
What are those lights that gleam?

"A slimy thing touched my left hand
Which was limp as a gunny sack,
My fingers closed on gritty sand
And my senses all came back!

"I opened wide my bulging eyes
And glared into the haze,
But were those eyes, real human eyes,
That held my frightened gaze?

THE BALLAD OF JERRY FLYNN

"A girl it was, a maiden fair,
Lovely and fair as sin,
And her eyes seemed to dance with mischief's
glance
As she looked at Jerry Flynn.

"The deep sea fishes around us strayed,
Behind us and before,
As I glared and stared at the beautiful maid
Upon the ocean floor.

"Round her head a garland of pink sea shells
Twined through hair of a golden hue,
Her eyes had the depths of crystalline wells
And of color a deep sea blue.

"Her mouth was a dream of summertime
When the sun paints the cherries red,
Her lips open wide as if singing a rhyme
To the foam-billows overhead.

"Her cheeks aglow like a summer morn,
Her throat was shapely and sweet,
A golden girdle her waist did adorn,
And then I looked at her feet!

"Feet did I say? She had no feet—
I doubted my brine-bleared eyes,

THE BALLAD OF JERRY FLYNN

But from where legs and trunk should meet
She was FISH, of proper scale and size!

"But lo! the tide was lifting me up
And a halibut gave me a push,
I grabbed the mermaid around the waist
And up we came with a rush!

"We rose to the surface off Nunivak
Just as the red sun set,
And the sky was like a crazy quilt
In crimson and gold and jet.

"I swam for the beach with a steady stroke
With the sea-maid in my grasp,
Oh! I would be an envied bloke!
And the weight of my load made me gasp.

"Soon up I climbed on a rocky ledge
Beyond the reach of the tide,
And on a grassy ridge of the island's edge
I lay my burden aside.

"There seemed no life in the beautiful form
And I feared lest she be dead,
And I stooped to feel the mermaid's pulse—
And I blush for what I said!

THE BALLAD OF JERRY FLYNN

"Shiver my timbers! but she looked real!
Just an old wood FIGUREHEAD!
My fingers were numb, so I couldn't feel
That the scale of her tail was lead!

* * *

"The Islanders fed me and made me warm,
And a Cutter picked me up in the Spring,
But I often think of that terrible storm
And the image painted like the real thing!

STATEHOOD FOR ALASKA

It is your Flag and my Flag, the banner we
 revere,
We fought for it, some died for it, in the battles
 Over There.
And yet Alaska, our Alaska, that is so loyal and
 true,
Has no star among Old Glory's stars representing
 me and you.

It is your Flag and my Flag, the Red, the White,
 and Blue,
We love it's every star and bar, we love its
 three-fold hue,
It stands for Truth and Liberty, for Justice
 and for Right,
And we want Alaska's star among the stars that
 shed such light.

It is your Flag and my Flag, proudly it waves
 today,
We have done our part to shield it in the mael-
 strom of the fray,
Oh, Alaska well deserves it and I'm sure Uncle
 Sam will hear
When we ask him to allow our star in Old Glory
 to appear.

STATEHOOD FOR ALASKA

It is your Flag and my Flag, emblem of the free,
It's stars are meant to symbolize the strength of
Unity,
And Alaska wants the world to know without
pretense or sham
That when Freedom is endangered her star stands
with Uncle Sam.

Alaska, Our Alaska, so rich, so broad, so fine,
How long, oh brother Northmen, before our star
shall shine?
Of all the Lands on God's green earth there is
no land more fair,
Oh, let us be up and doing and demand our star
be there!

WHEN ALASKA'S STAR IS SET AMONG THE STARS THAT DECK THE FLAG

We are done with Conservation of the
Gifford Pinchot brand,
That would lock up the resources of this great
and bounteous land.
We are done with pretty theories that sound well
in debate;
But in practice do not foster the advancement of
the State.
We are done with petty bickerings; the War has
been the Flood
That has purged us of all jealousy and the art of
slinging mud.

Today we are a people in a land of peace and
destiny,
And it's time to start the planning of what that
land shall be.
There must be no selfish motives in the task we
have at hand,
Our only thought the betterment and develop-
ment of The Land.
And the fetters that now bind us, tied by those
seeking power and pelf
Shall be broken by the toilers sharing in the
work and wealth.

WHEN ALASKA'S STAR IS SET AMONG THE STARS THAT DECK THE FLAG

Our party men now clearly see how futile is
mere talk,

We have been arguing long enough, now at deeds
we must not balk.

We must do our separate duty to the Land of
Do and Dare

If we ever hope to see its star in the galaxy we
revere.

We must all work together and none of us
should lag

If Alaska is to be among the stars that deck the
Flag.

It's a big job we have tackled, and it calls for
faith and grit,

But we're not the kind that grumble and we're
not the kind that quit.

We'll build an empire in the North, we'll build
it mile by mile

O'er mountain, vale and plain and lake, and while
we build we'll smile,

For we'll work as men and women work when
building of their home

With thoughts of the dim future and the off-
spring that will come.

Oh not for us the easy ways, our task is long
and tough,

WHEN ALASKA'S STAR IS SET AMONG THE STARS THAT DECK THE FLAG

The country here is strange to us and most of
it is rough.

But we have the will to conquer and we'll make
Alaska great

If Uncle Sam will say the word that will make
our land a State.

Oh we know that we'll be proud that day and
Uncle Sam will brag

When Alaska's star is set among the stars that
deck the Flag!

O! STAR OF ALASKA

O! Star of Alaska,
Somewhere up there in Space,
Would we could find thee
And gaze on thy face!
Every State in our Union
Has a star in our Flag,
But Alaska today
Has no star to brag.
And we feel it quite keenly,
With some desperation,
That we have no star
In that Constellation.
But we know thou art twinkling
Somewhere up there, too,
And we want thy light shining
From the Red, White and Blue!
Swing into our vision,
Oh, Star of the North,
And let Uncle Sam know
Thy glory and worth!
Oh, we of the Northland
Have faith in thy brilliance
Though our Uncle is skeptical
Of thy very existence!
The astronomers have measured
The star Betelgeuse's girth,
(Perhaps thou art Betelgeuse?
Alaska covers half of the earth!)

O! STAR OF ALASKA

And they find that it's size
Is most beyond calculation,
While our eyes are barely able
To detect it's location.
Alaska, likewise, is a huge,
Far distant land,
And it is hard for those
At Washington to understand
That it is ready for Statehood,
And, like the star Betelgeuse,
Is as big as creation
And as rich as the deuce!
Statesmen are blinded,
Oh, Star of our Hopes,
Without proper lenses,
Just like telescopes.
Oh, let thy light reach them
At a not far distant day,
Though thy rays be somewhat bent,
After the Einstein way.
Oh, we pray that a lens
May be made for their eyes,
That when they lift them upward
To the northern skies,
They will find you there,
And we're sure you won't lag
When they summon you to take
Your place in the Flag!

ALASKA TO UNCLE SAM

(On the Appointment of a New Governor)

Oh, Sam, do you want to affront us? Don't you
think it is time to call quits
On the notion that this is a district for trying out
all your mis-fits?
We thought you had done with the system of
sending strangers up here
As a sort of reward for a service done by an
electioneer.

Oh, Sam, don't you know that Alaska in the past
has been sorely tried,
By the men you sent here to hold office, men who
have come here and lied?
Alaska is known as a graveyard, or else as a vast
treasure chest,
And both these extreme opinions are not meant
for the truth at the best.

They are spread by the ones who have interests,
selfish, ignoble and mean,
And not by the friends of Alaska, or by those
whose records are clean.
A graveyard? We're far from being dead, Sam,
nor have we a corner on wealth,
Yet the country we're building is big, Sam, and
there's none of us here for his health.

If you'd take the trouble to please us, and send us
one of our own,
You'd find us a practical people, working for your
interests alone.

We may kick at our disappointments, we may
sulk when our needs are not met,
But though often we've been betrayed, Sam, we've
ever been quick to forget.

With the man you now send as governor we have
no personal distrust or quarrel,
But there are many as deserving among us and
many equally as loyal.
And we thought you would pick one of these, Sam,
he'd serve you as well as your best,
And Alaska would be proud to know, Sam, that
you had put one of her sons to the test.

We know that there's strife in the party, politics
here tend to strife,
But we know it's a bunch of Outsiders who give
our interests the knife.
But the people up here are united, and their needs
they understand,
And that's why we hoped you would send as a
man who lived in the land.

A man unshackled and free, Sam, calling Alaska
his home,
And many such there are here, Sam, from
Ketchikan clear up to Nome.
Loyal, courageous, upstanding, fearing no task
or no foe,
Learned, alert and cautious, schooled to the Land
of Snow.

Since you failed to meet our wishes we must
continue to eat crow,

The governorship means much to us, and we
wanted a man we know.
But we take whom you send with good grace,
Sam, though it gives us a painful jolt,
We're not the kind to falter and we're not the
kind to bolt.

We'll put our shoulders to the wheel and help
this man you send,
He is said to be a clean American and we'll make
him be our friend.
But all the land is watching, we'll scan his every
act,
We'll mark his every utterance, his faithfulness
and his tact.

Oh, we don't know what his term may bring, or
what vicissitudes beset,
But we pray that our Alaska may have no cause
to regret.
For Alaska is heartsick and sore, Sam, for some-
how we wanted to brag,
That a man of our own meant a step nearer the
goal of having our star in the Flag!

JUDGE JAMES WICKERSHAW

We greet today, my friends, men of the North,
One who has proved his excellence and worth.
In welcoming salutation we extend to him our
hand,
Wishing him the gladness and the fulness of the
Land;
This Land for which he labored long and many
years,
Though oftentimes o'er a path beset with doubts and
fears.
Disappointment and illusion have often been his
lot,
But never has he backward turned, one tithe or
jot,
On that high road that leads to the success
Of making an empire out of a wilderness.
We welcome him today with outstretched arms,
No need of blaring trumpets' and tinkling bells'
alarms;
Let our hearts speak the "honor and good repute
Which follow faithful service like the fruit."
So with glad hearts, without pretense or sham,
We welcome your return, James Wickersham!

Twenty years and more have passed in time
Since first the Judge came to this Northern clime.
But more than twenty years it means to those
Who still are numbered among the sourdoughs.
The history of those twenty years is writ
In terms of courage, fortitude and grit.
What hopes, what griefs, what joy and what
despair,
For those that pioneered have been the share!

Ah me, those twenty years have been a span
Unequalled since the world began!

The "mad stampedes, the toil beyond all
measure,"
The lust of greed, the scrambling after treasure!
The noble deeds, the heroism unfeigned
Of those who ventured where only silence
reigned!

The happy day when gold at last was found,
The wild delirium when the lucky staked their
ground!

The torch of anarchy, the flame of sin,
The strife, the turmoil, before the law came in!
All this the Judge has seen, and been a part
Of bringing order out of chaos at the start.
Wise in council, and in counsel grave,
The rugged miners heeded the advice he gave.
In time chosen as Alaska's Delegate,
Devotedly he gave his talents to affairs of state.
What a chronicle of pep and zeal and scrap,
As he struggled Congressional red-tape to
unwrap!

What a record of accomplishment he made
In all things that would give Alaska aid!
I fain would laud the number of his acts,
But the Judge is modest and I only state the
facts.

The Home Rule that we enjoy today
Was won by Judge Wickersham after years of
fray;
The railroad that soon will haul Alaska's freight
Was made possible by his eloquent debate;

Our coal, our timber, that the plunderers would
rob,
Were saved to us because the Judge was on the
job;
Our mails were sent to us with fast dispatch.
And not shipped as common freight beneath
the hatch;
He didn't camouflage and ask for more police,
Nor did he cater to any clique's caprice;
But we noted in his speeches beneath the
Capitol dome
That he always spoke in reverence of Alaska as
his home.
He didn't libel and traduce our body politic,
By calling us a bunch of rough-necks or
Bolshevik,
But as men who labor in our sphere and give
Our love and loyalty to the Land in which we
live.
Such the man who returns to us and tells the
world,
That Alaska is Home, here his standard is un-
furled;
That this is not a Land in which to earn one's
bread
And then to go and live Outside instead.
How beautiful is this Land! how bright it
gleams!
How it keeps one buoyant with its aspirations,
dreams!
Land of Beginnings, its history's page but
scratched,
Embryo States, fledglings of the Eagle, wait-
ing to be hatched!

The Land of Youth, yet a Land that will engage
And reward the ripened wisdom of Old Age!

The Judge says he'll retire now and practice law,
Which sounds peace-like, as when savage takes
a squaw.

What then? Shall we find no other work that he
might do

Except our litigation when we stew?

Big things remain to do in this Land of Do and
Dare,

Even for retired folk of silver hair.

The Judge, we hope, will no exception prove
That the man of action will ever find his groove.

Alaska now as ever is in need

Of strong, resolute, men of the Judge's breed.

Scholar, statesman, friend so tried and true,

James Wickersham, we shake your hand and
welcome you!

NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE

I've journeyed far in my young life,
Today I'm Fifty-three,
And now I'm traveling North, by gosh,
North of Fifty-three;
Nor do I care how far I go
Down life's shadowy path,
But head me Southward, boys, oh boys,
When it's time to take a bath!

My natal day has ever been
A day of joy to me,
I like to see the years roll by,
And I've seen Fifty-three.
And never in all those Fifty-three
Have I seen a day like this,
Yet for all those Fifty-three
This day I would not miss.

The rain? What care I for rain?
Today I'm Fifty-three,
Some day I'll see the sun again,
But never Fifty-three!
So be this voyage wet or dry,
It's all the same to me,
I'm Fifty-three today, my friends,
I'm North of Fifty-three!

ALASKA'S HALL OF FAME

We need a few more men up here,
The kind of men that don't know fear,
That double up their fists and fight
Whenever there's a wrong to right.
We need a few more men up here,
The kind of men that boost and cheer,
Stout-hearted men of brain and brawn,
The kind of men that "carry on,"
Loyal and strong for Uncle Sam,
Of the stamp of Judge James Wickersham!

We need a few more men up here,
The kind of our old-time pioneer,
That bear the trials of a rugged land
And work for it with heart and hand,
The kind of men that dig and toil
Yet find enjoyment in the soil;
That know the dread of solitude
Yet brave the secrets of the wood;
Not life's flotsam or its jetsam,
But of the grain of Jack McQueston!

We need a few more men up here,
The kind of men that are sincere,
Not sycophants that compromise
With every wrong that they may rise.
We need a few more men up here,
The kind of men that do not veer
From any task they start to do
Because great obstacles bestrew;
Resolute men, reliant, brainy,
Resourceful men like M. J. Heney!

We need a few more men up here,
Not the kind that smirk and leer
At every stride of progress made,
But the steady kind that plod upgrade.
We need a few more men up here,
The kind that pack their working-gear,
The kind that stand the crushing pace
Of the All-Alaska Sweepstakes race,
That never quail at claw or talon,
Lion-hearted men like "Scotty" Allen!

We need a few more men up here,
The time is ripe, the coasts are clear,
Arise and shine, Men o' the North,
Let's show the world Alaska's worth.
Let's all to work, roll up our sleeves,
He best receives who also gives.
No begging Uncle Sam's assistance,
That's the line of least resistance.
The time is Now! Fame, deathless, waits,
Who'll place Alaska among the States?

SKAGWAY

I dream of lordly castles
Beside a silver sea,
And there upon the mountain tops
In clouds the castles be.

I dream of sunny vineyards,
Of orchards in blossom time,
But never saw I such riotous bloom
As decks this Northern clime.

I dream of merry picnics,
When drab town I may forsake,
And today my dream was realized
On the shores of Lower Lake.

There in the golden stillness,
On the marge of this snow fed pool,
We fished and played and had such fun
Like children out of school.

I dream of care-free moments
When life can never be gray,
And in the foyer of the Pullen House
We danced all care away.

The Skagway that we read about
Was ablaze with a gold-camp's sin,
But the Skagway that we know today
Has a different lure to spin.

Gone are the days, the Klondyke days,
That gave the world new thrills!
Gone are the days when millions in gold
Were packed out o'er these hills!

All is calm and peaceful now,
"Soapy" Smith moulds in his grave,
And the Sabbath-breaker is looked upon
As the wickedest kind of knave.

Not merely for a gambler's death
Will Skagway remembered be,
That's just a blot upon the page
Of its brief history.

Skagway, thou'll be known to fame,
Not for Chilkoot's icy trail,
But that men here proved in a human way
That there's no such word as fail!

O Skagway, wind-swept Skagway,
Though now deserted thou may be,
My fondest Alaska memories
Shall ever be of thee!

APPRECIATION

*Ye that have dwelt in the Land
North of Fifty-Three,
Spending thy manhood and strength
Solving it's mystery—*

*Ye that have blazed the trails,
Spanning the canyons and creeks,
Preparing the bed for the rails,
Tunnelling the mammoth peaks—*

*Ye who never struck pay, though the first,
Who never struck anything since,
Suffering a hell on earth
While dreaming to be rich as a prince—*

*Digging thy bread and thy salt
By the livid sweat of thy brow—
What thought ye of Alaska then,
What, may I ask, think ye now?*

*Saw ye of beauty there,
Bent to the task at hand?
Climbed ye the golden stair
Whence poets envision the Land?*

*Hark ye, then, to my song,
O ye intrepid band,
Others glean fruits of thy toil,
Let them your soul understand!*

APPRECIATION

*Beauties of land and sea
Are not for the Yukon thrall,
In dreams alone do they glimpse .
The magic God meant for all!*

*Though ye shun and curse the Land,
Others come and bless it's name;
On the Day of the Last Stampede, please God,
May the Angel record your claim!*

GLOSSARY

Cheechako—A newcomer who has not yet spent a full winter north of Fifty-three.

Flats—River bottom lands. The central meadow lands of the Yukon River basin where sand bars are frequent in the river bed.

Hootch—Any intoxicating liquor, especially whiskey.

Klooch—Native Indian woman.

Kow-kow—Food.

Malamute—An Alaskan dog of native stock.

Muk-luk—Native foot-wear.

Mush—To travel on foot over the Northern trails. As a command to the dogs, "Go on!" "Go away!"

Outside—An Alaskan colloquialism. An Alaskan refers to a journey to the States as "going Outside." Coast residents of Alaska refer to the interior of the country as "Inside."

Peluk—All gone. No more.

Pee-O-quah—Native dialect of Yukon River Indians meaning good-bye.

Ptarmigan—A northern game bird.

Siwash—Native Indian.

Sourdough—One who has seen the ice come and go.

Tundra—Boggy meadow land.

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